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Cameron Crowe

SHOOTING DRAFT
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1 EARTH FROM SPACE 1

We hear the calm voice of JERRY MAGUIRE, talking just to us. *

JERRY (V.O.)
Alright, so this is the world and there are five billion people on it. When I was a kid there were three. It's hard to keep up.

2 AMERICA FROM SPACE 2 *

JERRY (V.O.)
That's better. That's America. See, America still sets the tone for the world...

3 KID ON BASKETBALL COURT 3 *

JERRY (V.O.)
In Indiana -- Clark Hodd. 13. The best point guard in the country. Puberty hasn't been easy.

Discreetly, his hand slips into his pants and scratches.

4 GIRL ON A HIGH DIVE 4 *

JERRY (V.O.)
Becky Farling. You'll see her in the next Olympics.

She launches her dive into mid-air, into nothingness.

5 ON TEENAGE GIRL BOXER 5

Throwing punches TOWARD the CAMERA.

JERRY (V.O.)
Seattle, Washington. Dallas Malloy. Went to court to be allowed to box professionally. She's 16.

6 ON A YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYER 6

at bat.

JERRY (V.O.)
Art Stallings, Indio, California. Check out what pure joy looks like. *

7 ON GOLDEN BOY QUARTERBACK - FRANK CUSHMAN 7

A line of NFL scouts watch a dazzling pass from a future star. His father, brother and girl friend watch from the sidelines. *
*

JERRY (V.O.)
In Odessa, Texas, the great Frank Cushman. Cush is 20. Quarterback, role model, my client. He'll probably go number one in the draft this year.

8 A YOUNG CHAMPIONSHIP GOLFER 8

eyeing a long but level putt.

JERRY (V.O.)
There's genius everywhere, but until they turn pro, it's like popcorn in the pan. Some pop...

The kid misses the shot, whips his club at his coach.

JERRY (V.O.)
... some don't.

HOLD ON the kid, he's all youthful adrenalin, breathing hard.

SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. NFL OWNERS MEETING/PALM DESERT FOUR SEASONS - DAY 9

A wall of new NFL merchandise. INTO FRAME moves JERRY MAGUIRE, 35. Maguire is at home in this lobby filled with ATHLETES and SPORTS TEAM OWNERS. Herb Alpert. "THE LONELY BULL."

JERRY (V.O.)
Now I'm the guy you don't usually see. I'm the one behind the scenes. I'm the sports agent.

10 INT. NFL OWNER'S MEETING LOBBY - MINUTES LATER 10

Jerry sits across from an agitated General Manager.

JERRY
Easy now, we can spread these numbers over five years...

JERRY (V.O.)
You know those photos where the new player holds up the team jersey and poses with the owner?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

FLASH OF PHOTO

Anonymous Athlete holds up jersey, standing next to Team Owner. ZOOM IN ON someone's shirt sleeve on LEFT of FRAME.

JERRY (V.O.)
That's me on the left.

11 ON ANONYMOUS NEWPORT BEACH BUILDING 11

JERRY (V.O.)
Inside that building, that's where I work. Sports Management International.

12 INT. SMI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 12

The SMI agents are a fierce, happy bunch. They sit in a carefully appointed conference room. *

JERRY (V.O.)
Thirty-three out of shape agents guiding the careers of 2,120 of the most finely-tuned athletes alive...

Near the end of the table sits Jerry Maguire. The word "millions" appears often and easily in his conversation. SHOT MOVES IN.

JERRY (V.O.)
... in this economy, sometimes emotions run a little high.

13 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - HOUSTON - DAY 13

An unmarked car pulls into the underground parking facility of the Houston Police Department. Chattering * MEDIA MEMBERS move in on the car. Back doors open, and * out steps Jerry Maguire with huge offensive lineman, BOBBY "BAJA" BRUNARD, 22. He is angry, and he is handcuffed.

WOMAN REPORTER
Was the girl 16 or 17?

MAN REPORTER
Were you aiming at anyone when you fired the shot in the 7/11?

Jerry whips in between Baja and the taunting media. *

13 CONTINUED: 13

JERRY
Listen, there's no proof of anything except that this guy is a sensational athlete.

In the background, we hear BAJA BELLOWING insults at the press.

14 INT. SEATTLE RED CARPET ROOM - ANOTHER DAY 14 *

Jerry now sits next to a towering white 27-year-old basketball player with a bad haircut. He is CALVIN NACK. A LITTLE BOY approaches the player with a basketball * trading card.

LITTLE BOY
Are you Calvin Nack? Could you sign my card?

*

CALVIN NACK
I'm sorry, little fella. I can't sign that particular brand of card. I can only sign Pro-Jam Blue Dot cards.

The Kid looks confused. As Calvin Nack turns to grab an * orange juice, Jerry smoothly dishes off a business card * to the little boy.

JERRY (V.O.)
Lately, it's gotten worse.

15 INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT 15

Hockey Player STEVE REMO, 33, is a big man in a small bed. He is in traction, with concussion. DOCTOR stands nearby, shoots Jerry a look of concern. Family is nearby.

DOCTOR
Do you know your name?

STEVE REMO
I uh... wait. Wait, here it comes. I have it. My name is Steve Remo. I play for the Blackhawks.
(now on a roll)
You are my son. This pretty lady is my wife. And you are...
(beat) *
... My agent!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

JERRY
Yes!

STEVE REMO
And I gotta play this weekend, Doc. If I play in 65 percent of the games, I make my bonus.

16 EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 16

Remo's 14-year-old SON (JESSE) confronts Jerry outside the hospital room. He's a hulking kid, all honesty, his voice still changing.

SON
This is his fourth concussion. Shouldn't somebody get him to stop?

As he talks, Jerry's cellular PHONE RINGS in his bag.

JERRY
(glib, easy)
Come on -- it'd take a tank to stop your dad. It would take all five Super Trooper VR Warriors, right?

SON
Fuck you.

The kid leaves Jerry standing in the hallway. Devastated. MUSIC.

17 EXT./INT. RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE - DAY/RAIN 17 *

Jerry Maguire upset in a rental shuttle. Passing THROUGH FRAME. MUSIC. PHONE still RINGING.

A18 INT. SWIMMING POOL - <u>DREAM</u> - DAY A18

Jerry Maguire lifts INTO FRAME, fully-clothed in a business suit. Swimming for his life, swimming TOWARD us.

18 INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT/RAIN 18 *

Jerry sleeps.

JERRY (V.O.)
Two nights later in Miami at our corporate conference, a breakthrough. Breakdown? <u>Breakthrough</u>.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Jerry's eyes open. Breathing strangely. Trembling, he holds onto the nightstand for grounding. He gets up, takes a few gulps of air, walks to mini-bar. Gathers some tiny ice cubes in his hand, smears them across his face. This feeling is new to him.

JERRY (V.O.)
It was the oddest, most unexpected thing. I began writing what they call a Mission Statement for my company. You know -- a Mission Statement -- a suggestion for the future.

19 INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT/RAIN 19 *

Jerry types, a pot of coffee and tray of room service nearby. We watch his face, alive now. Eyes mist. His fingers fly.

JERRY (V.O.)
What started out as one page became twenty-five. Suddenly I was my father's son. I was remembering the simple pleasures of this job, how I ended up here out of law school, the way a stadium sounds when one of my players performs well on the field... I was remembering even the words of the late Dicky Fox, the original sports agent, who said:

20 SHOT OF DICKY FOX IN OFFICE 20

DICKY FOX
The key to this job is personal relationships.

X20 BACK TO SCENE/RAIN X20 *

JERRY (V.O.)
(excited now)
And suddenly it was all pretty clear. The answer was fewer clients. Caring for them, caring for ourselves, and the games, too. Starting our lives, really.

SHOT OF SENTENCE: We must embrace what is still virginal about our own enthusiasm, we must crack open the tightly clenched fist and give back a little for the common good, we must simply be the best versions of ourselves... that goodness will be unbeatable and the money will appear.

X20 CONTINUED: X20

JERRY (V.O.)
Hey, I'll be the first to admit it. What I was writing was somewhat 'touchy-feely.'

He deletes it. And then -- zip -- he restores it and continues.

JERRY (V.O.)
I didn't care. I had lost the ability to bullshit. It was the me I'd always wanted to be.

21 INT. KINKO'S COPIES - NIGHT/RAIN 21 *

Jerry in T-shirt stands proudly watching copies pumped out. Wired college students, band guys, other Copy People of the Night nearby.

JERRY (V.O.)
I printed it up in the middle of the night, before I could rethink it.

KINKO'S copy GUY nods approvingly, taps his heart in tribute. He slides a copy across the counter for Jerry's approval.

THE THINGS WE THINK AND DO NOT SAY
(The Future of Our Business)

KINKO'S GUY
That's how you become great, man. You hang your balls out there.

Jerry nods. It's three A.M., and this guy sounds and looks like a prophet. In fact, everyone in Kinko's at three A.M. does.

JERRY
(self-effacing)
Thanks.

22 ON MEMOS 22

being stuffed into mail slots.

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING 23

Jerry splashes water onto his face. He looks younger, lighter.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

ON TV - "HAWAII FIVE-O" - (JERRY WATCHING) *

CAMERA WHIPS TO Jerry, standing, watching as he packs. * Slight concern on his face. He moves to the phone, and dials with urgency.

JERRY
Hi, it's Jerry Maguire. Uh, listen, did those manuscripts get... oh, they did... no no no no no, that's fine...

24 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 24

Jerry in suit, alone with his luggage. Dry throat. He feels clammy, holds onto the handrail to steady himself.

25 INT. LOBBY - DAY 25

The lobby is filled with SMI agents. The blue Mission Statement is in evidence everywhere. Jerry inconspicuously turns the corner, yearns to blend in. It's impossible, the recognition ripples through the lobby. Underling agent BOB SUGAR, 27, is the first to * grab Maguire by the shoulders. ("Finally, someone said it!") Suddenly another agent begins to clap, then reluctantly, another. Soon, the ovation rocks the lobby. (We see DOROTHY BOYD and RAY in THREE-SHOT with another * agent.) Jerry motions for them all to stop, but clearly * he could listen forever. It is a watershed moment in his life.

JERRY (V.O.)
I was 35. I had started my life.

SWING OFF Maguire TO FIND two AGENTS standing clapping enthusiastically near the elevator. *

AGENT #1 (BEN) *
How long you give him?

AGENT #2 (RICK) *
Mmmm. A week.

26 ON AIRPLANE WHEELS (DAY) 26 *

folding up into a plane, as MUSIC and CREDITS end.

27 INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS - DAY 27 *

We MOVE PAST a snoring businessman, ONTO tired but adrenalized Jerry Maguire. He sits in first class, working on his laptop, a pile of newspapers and magazines nearby.

27 CONTINUED: 27

The woman passenger (BOBBI FALLON) next to him, 30ish, finishes up a spicy phone conversation with her boyfriend.

BOBBI
Monkeyface... monkeyface, listen... I'm not going to say it here... no... oh listen, I got you the perfect white shirt, at this out of the way place... no... quit trying to make me say it!

The LAPTOP begins to BEEP -- battery is low -- so Maguire shuts it off and prepares for sleep. Trying not to listen. (NOTE: JM's laptop has a special soundbyte when he signs off.)

BOBBI
... how about if I do it and don't say it... mmmm... see you soon...

She laughs seductively and hangs up. She is still buzzed from the conversation. Jerry turns to her, surprising her.

JERRY
Well, I have to ask.

BOBBI
(protective)
What --

JERRY
Where'd you find the perfect white shirt?

She laughs, it's an infectious laugh -- two strangers enjoying the good life -- as we DRIFT BACK three rows, PAST the panel separating the cool comfort of first class from the stuffy, airless, and uncomfortable world of coach.

We meet DOROTHY BOYD, 26. A harried passenger on this bus in the sky. Right now she is devoted to the sneezing kid in the wrinkled white shirt sitting next to her. It is RAY, her five-year-old son. Dorothy is covered in toys and books. Stuffed into the side pocket is Jerry's Mission Statement. The easy laughter from three rows ahead washes over her like cold water, as she RINGS again for a flight attendant. The overworked ATTENDANT arrives, pissed, snapping off the bell.

DOROTHY
Look, my son is allergic to the material in these blankets --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

ATTENDANT
That's all we have.

The Attendant offers a bundle of soggy cocktail napkins and is about to exit when Ray makes a gagging noise. He's about to get sick. Both women reach for an airsick bag, and get it to his mouth just in time. Their faces are now inches apart.

ATTENDANT
I'm sorry I was rude just then --

DOROTHY
It's okay. We're in it together now...

BOBBI (O.S.)
Don't take anything I say seriously! I love to flirt.

Dorothy, irritated, leans out into the aisle to look for the heads that belong to these voices.

BACK TO JERRY AND BOBBI

BOBBI
You're with the sports people on the plane, right?

JERRY
Jerry Maguire. SMI.

BOBBI
Bobbi Fallon. B.P.I. I'm producing the Coke commercials for the playoffs.

JERRY
Well. Good luck with that --

He politely stifles a yawn, shuts off the overhead lamp, settles into sleep. Bobbi leans into his darkness.

BOBBI
Can I just get a quick 'man's' opinion from you on something?

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. FIRST CLASS SEATS - LATER 28

Bobbi is intense now, unburdening, as tired Jerry listens like a priest.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

BOBBI
And I can't say his name without laughing. I want to eat him up. I want to say good-bye to every bad thought I ever had about relationships. I mean, I crave this guy... and yet... why... why did I have that affair this weekend? Does that mean I'm not in love with my boyfriend?

JERRY
I think you'll know when you see him at the gate.

BOBBI
It's the death rattle of my singlehood, right? Because I finally see the white picket fence looming and I love it/hate it/love it/hate it/love it... you're right, I'll know when I see him. Why is it so easy to talk with you?! Tell me about your fiancee.

JERRY
I uh... don't think we're quite at your pitch yet.

BOBBI
Tell me, and then you can sleep.

JERRY
She's an N.F.L. publicist... amazing sense of style... former athlete... volleyball... world class... really knows how to live every moment of her life, which is why I should take a nap now...

BACK TO DOROTHY

Her sleeping son now silent, she can't help but listen.

BOBBI (O.S.)
Tell me how you proposed. I collect romantic proposal stories.

JERRY (O.S.)
No no...

DOROTHY
(impatient)
Oh, tell the story.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

BOBBI (O.S.)
Oh, tell the story.

BACK TO JERRY *

JERRY
-- so our first date, she told me about her favorite place in the world, the seven pools of Hana on the island of Maui...

BOBBI
Gorgeous.

JERRY
A year-and-a-half later, we were both in Hawaii for the Pro Bowl. Now I've always hit a wall at 18 months. Every serious girl friend lasts 18 months. It's like -- ka-boom. The curse of 18 months.

BOBBI
That's when you need to cement, and define define define.

JERRY
Exactly. And the world does not need another 35-year-old bachelor. I knew I wanted to propose, so I took her there.

BOBBI
To the pools?

JERRY
To the pools. Now she's Miss Rock Climber, and I'm more the non-rock climber, but we're hiking up through the pools and there's a fine mist in the air, and I have the ring in my pocket, and I'm a little nervous, I'm lagging behind, and she says to me, get this -- 'Hurry up, klutz.'

BOBBI
Oh no --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3) 28

JERRY
Well, it bothered me somewhat. And I got quiet. And now she's quiet and we're both pouting a little. And I decide I'm not going to propose. The mood is not right. Why be impulsive? Now at this point I know she knows that I was going to propose and didn't. And she knows I know. So the entire sixty mile ride back to the airport, we don't speak. And we're both good at that. We fly to Honolulu in silence. We check into the Pro Bowl hotel --

BOBBI
How sad --

JERRY
But wait...

BACK TO DOROTHY

She is now craning out into the aisle to hear this story. It is quieter now as she listens to the easy sound of Jerry discussing his charmed life. Ray wakes up next to her.

RAY
(waking up)
Mama --

DOROTHY
Shhh. Mommy's eavesdropping.

He sneezes, three big ones in a row. She hands him more Kleenex, and continues listening. She's hooked on the story.

JERRY (O.S.)
Now little do I know that my assistant has assumed that I've now proposed. So she has gotten the lounge band to actually play 'Here Comes the Bride' when we walk back in.

Dorothy laughs to herself. She tries to share the laugh with her son, who stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4) 28

BACK TO JERRY *

JERRY
Which they do. So, we're standing there. All the football guys are in the lobby, watching, there's even an ESPN crew. So I turn to her and sort of grandly say, 'Well, this is me, Klutz, asking you, Goddess of Rock Climbing, to marry me.' And I took out the ring, and I don't much like big scenes, but she said 'yes' right there in the lobby and some of the toughest men in football wept like babies. We're getting married in February. *

BOBBI
Jerry. You two will be together forever.

BACK TO DOROTHY

She takes one of her son's Kleenex sheets, as an elegant flight attendant shuts the curtain to first class. Dorothy blows her nose, moved against her will.

RAY
What's wrong, Mom?

DOROTHY
First class is what's wrong. It used to be a better meal. Now it's a better <u>life</u>.

She pulls out the Mission Statement, and begins to read. *

29 INT. LAX AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATE MORNING 29

Jerry Maguire exits the plane a few steps behind Bobbi Fallon.

JERRY
(quietly, like a coach)
You'll know when you see him.
You'll know when you see him.

Bobbi scans the crowd. She spots Monkeyface, large and burly in tiger-print sweats. *

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

WOMAN
Oh my God, you're right. I know.
(as Jerry smiles)
He's not The One. He's not The One.

Jerry's face falls. Bobbi Fallon moves into the embrace, faking it. Jerry moves ahead, turning back to see the doomed couple. Melancholy now, he continues forward through the crowded airport. *

30 INT. LUGGAGE AREA - LATE MORNING 30

A panicked Dorothy Boyd looks through the rubber flaps of the luggage conveyor belt. * *

DOROTHY
Ray! Ray! *

JERRY
Can I help --

DOROTHY
Oh. Hi. I work in your office.
I was on the junket to the
conference. *

JERRY
I know who you are. You're
Dorothy Boyd. You're in...
wait... you're in Accounts. You
have the middle cubicle toward the
back with that poster of Albert
Einstein morphed onto Shaquille
O'Neal's body.

DOROTHY
(surprised;
still panicked) *
Pretty good. *

JERRY
Now what did you lose?

DOROTHY
My son... my mind...

Over her shoulder, Maguire sees Ray rounding the corner, riding the luggage conveyor belt like Washington crossing the Delaware.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

JERRY
Well, while I go look for him, why don't you hang onto this curious gentleman behind you --

Dorothy turns, is greatly relieved to see Ray, and snatches him off the belt. She bends down into his face. *

DOROTHY
Remember 'imagination'?... remember what that means? Well, this is one of my bosses so you will now IMAGINE me screaming this. * Do NOT do that again. Ever ever EVER.

She rises, shifting back to being a somewhat relaxed young woman. It's a transition she makes, oh, 500 times a day. *

DOROTHY
Well, thanks.

JERRY
Well, take care.

DOROTHY
And have fun at your bachelor party.
(beat) *
Oh no.

JERRY
No no. I knew.

DOROTHY
(slow sigh)
Nnnnn. I just killed the surprise.

JERRY
No, I'm just... anxiously looking past it. I already had my bachelor party. It was called 'my twenties.' See you later.

DOROTHY
I loved your memo, by the way.
*

JERRY
Thanks... actually, it was just a 'Mission Statement.'

Ray has taken Jerry's free hand, and begun swinging on him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

DOROTHY
I think in this age, optimism like that... it's a revolutionary act.

JERRY
You think so? *

DOROTHY
Oh tsht. Yes.

JERRY
I appreciate that, because some of that stuff... you know, it was two in the morning and...

DOROTHY
-- the part about 'we should embrace what it is still virginal about our enthusiasm -- and we * should all force open the tightly-clenched fist of commerce, and give a little back for the greater good.' I mean, I was inspired, and I'm an accountant. Ray, don't spill my coffee.

Jerry looks more nervous, as Ray has now taken his mother's hand. He is now swinging on both of them.

RAY
One-two-three... swing.

DOROTHY
Hey. To respect yourself enough to say it out loud, to put yourself out there, so nakedly, * so openly...
(shakes her head)
... I don't know, it got me.

Now Jerry looks concerned, as Ray continues swinging happily.

RAY
One-two-three, swing...

JERRY
Thanks. May I offer you both a ride?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3) 30

DOROTHY
Oh no. I'm sure it would just make your day to drive us all the way to Manhattan Beach, taking that left down to little tiny Waterloo street where you have to play chicken with oncoming traffic, and your life flashes before your eyes, but -- hey, I've obviously had too much coffee and all -- here's my sister Laurel to pick us up. Thanks, though. 'Bye.

JERRY
(amused)
Dorothy. Ray. A pleasure.

RAY
One-two...

Jerry lets Ray down easy. The kid is disappointed. * Maguire exits to get his bag. He then realizes * something amiss and returns quickly, pulling Ray's hand up again and completing the swing.

JERRY
... three, swing.

Dorothy laughs, as her sister arrives. LAUREL BOYD is 36. * A sturdy, no-bullshit sibling to have. The pin on Laurel's * sweater catches on Dorothy's shirt as they hug.

LAUREL
Come on, I'm double-parked.

Dorothy gathers Ray's toys. ("You need a bath, kid.") * She can't help but look back at Jerry, who catches her looking. He salutes her, with mock circumstance. He * disappears, and she finds herself oddly short of breath.

DOROTHY
(to herself)
Hmmph. Whoever snagged him must be some classy babe --

31 INT. AVERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 31

AVERY BISHOP, 29, makes love to Jerry Maguire at fever pitch. They are standing on the bed, which is in the corner.

AVERY
Don't ever stop <u>fucking</u> me!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

JERRY
Sooner... or later... I'll have to stop.

AVERY
Oh Gawd, oh yes, it's never been better! Never BETTER!!

Nearby, a large and sleepy German shepherd yawns.

AVERY (O.S.)
Never BETTER!!

The dog snaps awake, a little shook. Avery suddenly yanks away. Breathing hard, she just looks at Jerry. Sex is a very serious business with Avery.

AVERY
Open your eyes.
(as he does)
If you ever want me to be with another woman for you, I would do it. I'm not interested in it. There was a time, yes, it felt normal for me, but it was a phase, a college thing, like torn Levi's or law school for you... people change, but if you ever feel like being adventurous in that way, I would do it for you. You want anything from the kitchen? I'm going to get some fruit --

She skips off like a colt. Jerry digests what he's just been told.

JERRY
(to the next room)
You know. I don't think we need to do the thing where we tell each other everything!

AVERY (O.S.)
(laughing)
Jerry, this is what intimacy is!

Jerry rubs his face, a habit that helps him process complex information. *

AVERY (O.S.)
Oh -- don't forget tomorrow we have dinner with Wade Cooksey.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

JERRY
I know about the bachelor party.

Avery returns. Her robo body, half-lit now in the hallway, is a glorious life-long project.

AVERY
Who told you?

JERRY
One of the accountants.

AVERY
Jerry. Your buddy Dooler worked his ass off to make you a tribute film. All those guys from the office are coming. Everybody loves you. Just calm down, relax, act surprised, and have an amazing time. And you'll never guess who narrates your bachelor movie.

32 INT. FANCY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 32

Jerry enters the hotel suite and overacts surprise. He falls down, clutching his heart, feigning an attack. He looks around for a bigger reaction than he actually gets.

THE FILM - SHOWN ON BIG-SCREEN T.V.

It is hosted by MICHAEL JORDAN.

MICHAEL JORDAN (V.O.)
I have often wondered where my career would have been had Jerry Maguire been my agent. The answer -- Yugoslavia.

Tepid laughs, as many of the agents turn and grab furtive looks at Maguire, who stands at the back of the room with his friend BILL DOOLER. Dooler, husky, 30, looks like a beatnik on steroids.

DOOLER
You hear those courtesy laughs, Jerry? There is a seething <u>wrongness</u> at the edges of this party.

JERRY
Oh come on --

DOOLER
This is fuckin' Michael Jordan, man! They should be <u>screaming</u>.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

JERRY
(eyeing crowd)
You're imagining it.

DOOLER
Embarrassing secrets, pointless, gratuitous nudity -- this is solid stuff.

They are joined by unctuous agent BOB SUGAR. Sugar is a Maguire wannabe. Puts an arm on Jerry's shoulder.

SUGAR
We still having lunch tomorrow, Jerry? Looks like Carl Denton tested positive for marijuana. That moves Cush solidly up to numero uno in the draft.

DOOLER
Oh, that'll really help this party! Let's all talk business!

JERRY
Dooler, you know Bob Sugar.

SUGAR
The best commercial director in the business. I hail you.

DOOLER
Sorry I yelled. You have exquisite taste.

SUGAR
(exiting)
Everybody's having a great time. You're both nuts -- the movie's great.

DOOLER
I like that guy.

(The movie, which plays simultaneously with the conversation, is a Hi-8 confessional of Jerry's former girl friends. MICHAEL JORDAN is cut into this, nodding, as if he were actually interviewing. The effect is funny, but the confessions are brutally honest. All seem to agree on some basic points. Jerry always has a girl-friend. Hates to be alone. Many met him on the first day he'd broken up with the last one. The relationship always competes with his job, and the job always wins.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

He is good at friendship, bad at intimacy. Sequence ends with Avery in character, wielding a blowtorch, threatening to burn all these old phone numbers. Ending is a good-natured MONTAGE of photos, many embarrassing, cut to MUSIC.)

JERRY
(wounded good sport)
... this is... uh... too funny...

DOOLER
They're not laughing, man.
Something's wrong.

33 INT. SMI OFFICE - DAY 33

Elevator doors open. Maguire is now paranoid. He walks through the buzzing SMI headquarters, heading for his corner office. He is like an FBI man searching treetops and corners for the Gunman. Everywhere he looks is a potential Grassy Knoll. He passes an agent having an emotional hallway conversation with a baseball player, bends down to check the sheet of slides being approved by a large but seated basketball player. He is always moving forward. There is trouble in the air, but only he seems to sense it. He turns the corner and is met by assistant WENDY, who hands him a long list of calls.

WENDY
(as in 'get ready')
Nickee's here. She's already in your office, and she's late for her plane back to Phoenix. * * *

JERRY
Thanks, Wendy.

34 INT. JERRY MAGUIRE'S OFFICE - DAY 34

Jerry enters his corner office overlooking both the shiny waters of Newport Beach and a large mall parking lot. Already standing, reading the mail on his desk is lively NICKEE TIDWELL. African-American, gorgeous, a heat-seeking smartbomb. She is also newly pregnant.

NICKEE
Jerry, Rod is very, very upset.
Tyson, no!

Across the room, four-year-old menace TYSON ceases trying to pry a plexiglass case off the wall.

JERRY
Tyson, hello.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

Tyson just stares at Jerry. Jerry has little luck with kids. He gives Nickee a quick peck and heads for the fridge. He grabs a two-pint bottle of orange Gatorade -- another habit -- and sits down at his desk. He slips into crisis mode like an old shirt.

JERRY
How can I make your life better?

NICKEE
This is humiliating, Jerry. Where is our offer from Arizona? My husband is the fastest, fiercest, most explosive, raddest wide-receiver in the league. Now I don't know what you do for your four percent --

The door opens, Bob Sugar pokes his head in.

SUGAR
Cronin's okay for lunch?

JERRY
Nickee -- this is one of our agents. This is Bob Sugar, who needs to learn to knock.

SUGAR
Pleasure.

NICKEE
You've called our house, right?

SUGAR
(exiting)
Sorry to interrupt you guys.

NICKEE
... now I don't know what you do for your four percent, but this man, my husband, has a whole plan, an image... and when you put him in a Waterbed Warehouse commercial, excuse me, you are making him <u>common</u>! When we deserve the big four -- shoe, car, clothing-line, soft drink. The four jewels of the celebrity endorsement dollar.

JERRY
Wow.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

NICKEE
Majored in marketing, baby, and so did my husband.

The DESK BUZZES, and Jerry ignores it. She commands the best in him.

NICKEE
You gonna get that --

JERRY
Not a chance.
(as she smiles)
Nickee, things are changing around here. I'll be able to give you and Rod a little more attention.

NICKEE
Damn right, and you can start by taking Rod's poster and putting it where people can see it!

JERRY
(it's infectious)
Damn right.

He climbs up on the edge of his sofa, and reaches for the poster with his hanging device. True to Nickee's complaint, the poster hangs in the upper Siberian region of his wall.

NICKEE
Look at that handsome man, trying to build a life up there by the air conditioner. We're coming to get ya, darlin'!

ON THE POSTER - CLOSE

It is the kind of poster that is strictly the domain of the second-tier player. Commanding wide-receiver ROD TIDWELL, 27, stands shirtless, hands on hips, looking vaguely uncomfortable. Emblazoned above his head: IN ROD WE TRUST. Elsewhere in the room, we hear the inevitable CRASH. ("Tyson!")

35 EXT. CRONIN'S GRILL - AFTERNOON 35

Crowded outdoor restaurant in the business district. Jerry sits down opposite Bob Sugar, still making a few notes.

JERRY
Tidwell contract... new glass cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

SUGAR
You okay?

JERRY
(looking up)
I'm fine. What's up?

SUGAR
I came here to let you go.

JERRY
Pardon me?

SUGAR
Came here to fire you, Jerry. *

For a long moment there is only silence. *

SUGAR
It's real, Jerry. You... you should say something.

Suddenly he's flushed, a little embarrassed.

JERRY
Aw, shit... the crowded restaurant... so there's no scene...

SUGAR
I know. It sucks. I <u>suck</u>.

In a back room, the WAITERS are SINGING the restaurant's "Birthday Song" to someone else. Jerry is dying.

JERRY
You...

SUGAR
(razor sharp)
You did this to yourself. <u>You</u> said 'fewer clients.' You put it all on paper. Scully was very upset. He sent me to do this. I * agreed. Heart attacks make some * people sweeter, but not him. You did this to <u>yourself</u> --

Jerry's mouth opens to finish his sentence, but Sugar * continues.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

SUGAR
-- although I do gotta hand it to you. For about five minutes you had everyone applauding smaller revenues.

Maguire reaches for water. The sound of ICE CUBES JANGLING is suddenly very loud to him. He is drowning.

JERRY
You... ungrateful... unctuous...

SUGAR
(ever unctuous)
... dick?

JERRY
Dick.

SUGAR
Give me a little credit for doing this face-to-face! What I went through knowing I was going to do this to my mentor! Can you get past yourself a second?

JERRY
You'll lose.

SUGAR
(musically)
You wanted smaller.

JERRY
I'm over it. Now I want all my clients and yours, too.

SUGAR
Jerry --

JERRY
-- and I'll get 'em.

SUGAR
You'll always be my hero, Jerry. Always always always. We're bringing other elements in, we're focusing on endorsements -- it's not about handholding anymore. We're no longer babysitters --

Jerry fights the desire to use his fists. Hangs onto the table. He's starting to freak out now. Trying to stay calm. Sugar's mouth keeps moving, but all we hear is the rising MUSIC in Jerry's mind.

36 EXT. STREET - DAY 36

Jerry tries to move briskly down the street, through the lunchtime businessmen traffic. Back to the office.

37 EXT. CRONIN'S DAY 37

Sugar dines alone now. Casually whips out a portable phone.

38 INT. SMI ELEVATOR - DAY 38

Jerry in the elevator, eyes wide, mind racing. Dorothy Boyd sees him, raises a hand to say hello. Decides this is not a good time.

39 OMITTED 39

40 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 40

Maguire rolls the fax machine over to his desk. He takes a breath, lines up his phone book and his Powerbook, and goes to work, dialing. Next to his hand is a client list. Top of the list is Frank Cushman. He speed-dials, gets a busy signal.

41 INT. CUSHMAN HOME/ODESSA - DAY 41

FRANK "CUSH" CUSHMAN picks up the phone. He's playing NBA Jam on his Gameboy as he talks. His girl friend, ANN LOUISE, sits in the background. *
*

CUSH
This is Cush.

42 EXT. CRONIN'S - DAY 42

SUGAR
Cush. Hey, Dudeboy! It's Bob Sugar. Listen, I'm callin' ya first 'cause you're the most important guy in sports...

43 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 43

Maguire on the telephone, fighting hard, as he sends a fax.

JERRY
Carla, right now you're paying 25 percent of your endorsements to SMI, I would cut my commission by seven percent...

He takes a stack of his Mission Statements and sentences them to the bottom drawer.

A44 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY A44 *

Supersonics star GARY PAYTON holds a cellular. *

PAYTON *
Run that by me one more time. *

44 EXT. STREET - DAY 44

Sugar strolls back to the office, talking on the portable.

SUGAR
You read that memo I snuck to you, the guy's tired of the job. Tired of making you money.

45 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 45

Maguire feeds a fax, types another fax on his Powerbook. *

JERRY
And when I got you that big contract in Chicago, and the fan poll in the Sun-Times was 93 percent against you, who went and found you that sympathetic journalist who turned it all around, it was me...

46 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - DAY 46

Several other agents working the cause behind Sugar. *

SUGAR
He's costing you money, Debra... he's old-school.

47 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 47

Jerry on the toilet. Not a minute to spare.

JERRY
... SMI represents all three quarterbacks on your team, where's their loyalty going to be? You stay with me, I'd fight for you alone. You'd be my only client on that team...

A48 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - DAY A48

Several other agents help in b.g., as he rips through calls. * *

SUGAR
I got the clients. I got the juice. *

B48 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY B48 *

JERRY *
Sukreet, we've spent quality *
time together, and not just at *
your arraignment. *

48 INT. SMI OFFICE - DAY 48

Dorothy walks the center aisle with some contracts. To * the right and left of her the PHONES are RINGING. Something is amiss. She stops at the desk of fellow Accounts Exec CLEO, 32.

DOROTHY
What's going on?

CLEO
(no big deal)
They fired Jerry Maguire. Did it at Cronin's.

Dorothy groans softly, as she lowers herself into her seat. She is strangely affected by the news. She scoots back on her roller chair, and looks down the hallway to Maguire's office door.

49 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 49 *

JERRY
-- personal attention --

50 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - DAY 50 *

SUGAR
-- more money, more endorsements --

51 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 51 *

JERRY
-- a family of athletes --

52 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - DAY 52 *

SUGAR
-- the millennium, eight hundred channels, more endorsements. *

53 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY 53 *

JERRY *
(intimate, *
a friend) *
Kathy! Hi, it's Jerry Maguire. *
Boy, what a day... *

54 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY 54

KATHY SANDERS, 22-year-old figure skater, sits on a couch. Kathy's adoring mom and dad sit next to her, listening in on the extension. *

KATHY
(anguished) *
I already heard from Bob Sugar. Jerry, I want to cry for what they did to you at SMI. You helped me win that gold at the Olympics, we have history, and... oh, Jerry... if we weren't in the middle of the Acura deal, you know I'd go with you! Oh, Jerry, oh, God... *

As she begins to fully break down, there is a click on the line. She is pained and outraged at the interruption. *

KATHY
... Call-waiting... who could be calling me <u>now</u>?...

She clicks the phone once. Her voice is suddenly cheery.

KATHY
Hiyee.

55 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE 55

JERRY
Still me, Kathy.

She instantly starts "crying" again.

KATHY
Ohhhhhhhh...

56 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - DUSK (WITH OLD SC. 59 DIALOGUE) 56 *

Sugar crosses off another name on his list. Pace accelerating. *

SUGAR
It's not show 'friends.' It's show <u>business</u>. I'll bet he hasn't even called you yet, right, Jennifer? Wait, I need to cough... *

He covers the phone, as a JUNIOR AGENT (RICK) hands him another cellular. *

RICK *
Kelly Wellman. *

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

SUGAR
... hi, Kelly, it's Sugar, hold on a second, have you heard from Maguire? You haven't???? Well, that tells you a lot. Hold on, gotta cough...

Back to other call.

RICK
Jennifer Talbot.

SUGAR
So, Jennifer...

57 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DUSK 57

Jerry on the phone. Through the glass office window, he sees the joviality of some other agents. He knows he's losing.

JERRY
Rod! How ya doing? Jerry Maguire.

INTERCUT WITH:

58 INT. TIDWELL KITCHEN/HOUSE - DUSK 58

ROD TIDWELL, 27, is a powerful, compact physical presence. He fixes young son Tyson a bowl of cereal as he talks. In the b.g., monitoring the crisis is Nickee Tidwell. (There is construction in progress in Tidwell's ramshackle desert house.)

TIDWELL
'How am I doing?' I'll tell you. I'm sweatin', dude! That's how I'm 'doin.' I'm sweatin' my contract. I'm sweatin' Bob Sugar calling and telling me I'm blowing the big endorsements if I stay with you. I'm sweatin'. You hear what I'm saying?

JERRY
I hear what you're saying...

TIDWELL
No. I hear that you hear what I'm saying. But do you hear what I'm saying?

A59 ON BLINKING LIGHTS OF TELEPHONE - TIME PASSAGE A59

59 OMITTED (NOW PART OF SC. 56) 59

60 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE 60

Jerry is still on the same Tidwell call. Looking at his watch.

JERRY
Okay, Rod, can't we get into this in person? I see a lot of lights blinking on the phone here, and...

TIDWELL
Didn't you tell my wife more attention?

JERRY
Yes. I did.

TIDWELL
Good, 'cause we're just getting started on my list of things you need to know. Take notes if you want to.

61 INT. TIDWELL HALLWAY - NIGHT 61

Tidwell walks down the hallway, past clippings and citations from his career. Nickee follows, always listening.

TIDWELL
See... I am a valuable commodity. I go across the middle. I see the ball and a dude coming right at me, wanting to kill me, I tell my brain 'get killed, catch the ball.' That's New York Steak, baby. Rare. And yet, nobody's giving me PROPS. Nobody's giving me LOVE. Nobody. I went to Arizona State, I'm from Arizona, I break Arizona records, I'm a Sun Devil, man!!!

JERRY
Now you want Arizona dollars.

TIDWELL
Exactly. And I'm sitting here with an ant problem, look! And my brother Tee Pee's room is flooded with water. Say hello to Jerry Maguire --

We meet TEE PEE, 24. Tee Pee, who lives free of charge in Rod's house, is a nakedly jealous and more political version of his brother. He says into the phone:

61 CONTINUED: 61

TEE PEE
Hello, brother Maguire. *

Tidwell takes the phone back, and continues through the house, with Tee Pee now following the procession of family monitoring the important call. Meanwhile, Jerry * sees the lights on the phone bank going out. *

TIDWELL
-- the house is fallin' apart, we don't even know where we're gonna live in a year, and I'm supposed to be a 'superstar,' man! *

Jerry looks at his watch. Doomed.

JERRY
I need a decision from you, Rod.

62 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 62

Sugar has three phones going, as Junior Agent Rick feeds * him calls. *

SUGAR
... killer, Steve, good decision.
(next call)
So it's yes, right? Excellente.
(next call)
Tell me it's yes... yes? YES!

63 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 63

Tidwell enters bedroom. Takes off his shoes, adds them * to an enormous collection. Nickee, Tyson and Tee Pee in * tow.

TIDWELL
-- now to recap, I want to stay in Arizona, I want the new contract, I * like you, you're nice to my wife, I will stay with you, that's what I'm doing for you, but here's what you're gonna do for me. You listening?

Jerry has now given up trying to steer this conversation. * Elsewhere in the office, he hears someone's noise of * celebration. Through the window, he sees the forces that * have just about killed him. *

JERRY
(dying)
Mmm. Hmm.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

TIDWELL
It's a very personal, very important thing. It's a family motto. So I want to share it with you. You ready?

JERRY
I'm ready.

TIDWELL
'Show me the money.' Show. Me. The. Money.

JERRY
I got it.

TIDWELL
Now doesn't that just make you feel good to say it? Say it with me.

Jerry sits in the oncoming darkness, watching the blinking white lights on the phone bank on the desk.

JERRY
Show. Me. The. Money.

TIDWELL
Congratulations. You're still my agent.

Tidwell hangs up. Nearby, Tee Pee shakes his head.

TEE PEE
An African-American man running with a little ball, working for white owners and white agents. It's the ichnography of racism...
(off Tidwell's dismissive look)
But I woulda stayed at the bigger company.

64 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 64

Sugar crosses the last call off his sheet, and throws himself on the sofa with a SOFT POOF. The younger turks watch their new leader. Victory is his.

65 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 65

Jerry stands at the door, holding some belongings. He looks back and symbolically flips the light switch off.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

Unfortunately he hasn't realized the lights are already off. So, in his final gesture, surprising himself, he has weirdly turned the lights on.

66 EXT. CORNER OFFICE - NIGHT 66

Bam. Jerry's door opens. He exits his office with box. Many of the other agents now try not to watch him leaving. *

JERRY
Well, don't worry! I'm not going to do what you think I'm going to do, which is FLIP OUT!

Jerry goes to a water dispenser, calming himself, and fills a small Dixie cup. Downs it and fills it again, rubbing his face.

JERRY
But let me just say, as I ease out of the office I helped build -- sorry, but it's a fact --

ON DOROTHY - WATCHING

from her cubicle.

JERRY
-- that there is such a thing as manners. A way of treating people...
(notices fish tank) * *
These fish have manners! They have manners.

And now Jerry feels bravado, mixed with a wave of anger. Another cup of water as he finds power.

JERRY
In fact. They're coming with me! I'm starting a new company, and the fish will come with me and... you can call me sentimental.

He begins dipping into the tank, grabbing the one exotic fish that failed to escape his cup. He grabs a Baggie * from an assistant's desk, shakes out some crumbs, and dumps the fish inside.

JERRY
(to fish)
... it's okay... it's okay...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

Nearby, a XEROX REPAIR GUY watches the human train wreck.

JERRY
But if anybody else wants to come with me, this moment will be the ground floor of something real and fun and inspiring and true in this godforsaken business and we will do it together! Who's coming with me besides... 'Flipper' here?

But clearly even Flipper is not happy with the new arrangement. *

JERRY
Anybody going with me?

Silence, someone coughs. Maguire's lid is blowing off. *

JERRY
Wendy? Shall we? *

WENDY
I'm three months away from the pay increase, Jerry. I have to, uh... you know, stay.

Jerry absorbs the blow, and takes the keys from the top of her desk. She can't look at him. Jerry stands alone, the blue Mission Statement on Wendy's desk sits accusingly IN FRAME. There is only silence now, the loudest kind.

JERRY
Okay, anybody else?

ON DOROTHY

She looks around. Doesn't anybody believe in the very thing they were applauding three days ago? She has an odd reaction, a muscle twitch of the soul. Before she knows it, she stands boldly, unfortunately knocking a cup of coffee onto herself in the process.

DOROTHY
I'll go with you.
(quietly, on her coffee mess)
Wonderful...

She dabs at her pants. Next to her, Cleo looks on sadly. *

JERRY
Dorothy Boyd! Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

She gathers her things, increasingly aware of what she's done, as the wild-eyed figure from across the hall moves closer to her. *

JERRY
We will see you all again. Sleep tight!

He walks to Dorothy, and together they exit down the hallway corridor. *

WIDE SHOT

For the first time, we see the full expanse of the huge SMI headquarters. And down in the corner of the FRAME, two small figures leave carrying boxes. *

JERRY
(to Dorothy)
Let's see how they do without us.

A beat of silence, then noise returns to its normal commercial roar. A couple of fleas have been swatted off the carcass of an immense beast.

67 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 67

The tragic-sounding beep of the elevator passing floors. Jerry Maguire stands with Dorothy, both still charged with adrenaline. And then the first pangs of dread. There is silence. The elevator stops. A YOUNG, amorous COUPLE enters. Both are about 24, and the guy presses a number five flights down. In a moment, we realize they are deaf. They sign to each other, murmuring noises of love. And then the guy signs something, obviously powerful, because the girl emits a delighted gasp, as does Dorothy. The couple are truly in their own world. They kiss before exiting on their floor. And suddenly the elevator seems empty without them.

JERRY
Wonder what he said.

DOROTHY
My favorite aunt is hearing impaired. He said 'you complete me.' *

68 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 68

Jerry and Dorothy pass through another office's party. LOUD MUSIC. *

69 EXT. SMI PARKING LOT - NIGHT 69

Jerry and Dorothy walk to their cars. *

DOROTHY
So I know this is a bad time, but -- you will have a medical program, right?

JERRY
Sure. Yes. Medical, I don't know.

He spaces out for a moment. Awkwardly, she touches him briefly.

DOROTHY
And I guess we didn't talk about money. So, I'll just dive in --

JERRY
Give me your number. I'll call tomorrow. I'm just a little. I'm a little insane right now.
(off her look)
But it's going to be great.

DOROTHY
No no, I know --

They arrive at her red Camry. She writes her number on the back of a business card.

JERRY
But I mean really... wonderfully...
(out of steam)
... great.

DOROTHY
Absolutely. *

She climbs into her car, rolls down the window.

JERRY
And when you think about what you've done later, don't panic.

DOROTHY
Me? No. My sister -- it's a good bet.

She STARTS the ENGINE.

DOROTHY
That took guts.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

JERRY
Same to you.

She salutes him as she drives off. His own move, played back to him. CAMERA MOVES AWAY FROM Jerry, as he stands alone in the parking lot. Salutes her in return. Herb Alpert. "The Lonely Bull." Stripped of power, his once mighty theme now seems puny.

FADE TO:

70 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOME - NIGHT 70

Lights glow inside this small-but-cozy home on a side street in Manhattan Beach. Windows open. The sound of WOMEN'S VOICES.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 71

A living room filled with ten earnest, talkative divorced women. We meet JAN, 30, who speaks shyly, thoughtfully, covering her braces often as she speaks. She holds a too-full glass of red wine. (Much of the talk in this women's group will be improved by our cast of actresses.) *

JAN
I love men. I respect men. But that doesn't change the fact that most of them belong in cages...

The other nine women nod with deep understanding.

72 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 72

Dorothy does the dishes. Across the room, Laurel has her nightly cigarette, blowing smoke out the window. They are in mid-argument. *

LAUREL
What about medical?

DOROTHY
Of course, medical!

LAUREL
(unconvinced)
You are a single mother. You have given up the right to be frivolous.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

DOROTHY
(irritated)
If you'd read what he wrote, you would have left with him, too. And I can always take that job in San Diego. *

LAUREL
(more irritated)
You know how much those Well Child exams cost --

DOROTHY
(overlapping)
Of course I know --

LAUREL/DOROTHY
A hundred and fifty dollars.

LAUREL
And that's just when he's well -- *

DOROTHY
Wait. Where is Ray? *

LAUREL
He's in the living room, asleep.

Dorothy dries her hands, flicking in a hurry.

DOROTHY
Wonderful. Next time you lecture me, don't leave my little boy in a room with your Divorced Women's Group... *

She exits in a hurry, as Laurel throws her cigarette into the garbage disposal and grinds. *

LAUREL
Sorry.

73 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 73

Ray dreams sweetly in the middle of this rockbed of Women's Woes. Dorothy strokes his head, as she plucks him up. IN FRAME another woman, ALICE, 50, speaks passionately to the group.

ALICE
(sweet smile) *
... okay, I've finally, finally, found anger here. I can see Carl right now and I can finally tell him -- * *

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

DOROTHY
Shhhh!

Dorothy exits, protectively stroking her son's head.

DOROTHY
Come on, buddy, we're going to bed.

74 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 74

She stops for a moment, little boy in her hands. The enormity of the day arrives with a thud.

DOROTHY
(to herself)
What did I do?

75 INT. JERRY'S CONDO - NIGHT 75

Jerry sits on the kitchen counter, rubbing his face. * Avery ENTERS PICTURE, studying Maguire carefully. *
*

AVERY
Function function function. *
(beat) *
How was it left with Cush? *

Jerry looks at her. He does a perfect imitation of Cush. *

JERRY
'Dad says we gwan sleep on it.' *

Visibly angry, Avery begins to pace. No doubt about it. * Outrage is an attractive feature on this competitive * woman. *

AVERY
They're all heatseekers! All of * them, everybody. *

JERRY
<u>Everybody</u>. *

AVERY
You keep one superstar and they'll all follow. There's no real loyalty, and the first person who told me that, Jerry Maguire, was <u>you</u>.

JERRY
I think I was trying to sleep with you at the time.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

AVERY
Well, it worked, and I'm not about to let you fail.

Jerry reacts to the use of the word "fail" and scoots off the counter to pour a strong drink.

AVERY
If you're serious... truly, absolutely serious... you'll go to Odessa, Texas, and GET Frank Cushman.

He hands her a drink, she downs it.

JERRY
(weary)
Now?

AVERY
You are Jerry Ma-fucking Maguire. You are the man who shows up, rain or shine. You work a living better than Stradivarius worked a... a what...

JERRY
Violins, I think.

AVERY
Violins! And you are going to get Cush.

JERRY
Okay, this is working.

AVERY
You are not a loser.

The way she says "loser" is the most elegant of disses. She wraps her lips around it like a chili-cheese dog.

JERRY
Why are you using these words? Who said anything about 'loser'?

AVERY
Nobody. I was on a roll. I meant something else. When do you want to leave?

Jerry grabs his brown bag, and a jacket.

JERRY
Now. The red-eye.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

AVERY
I'll drive you. Let's go. *

JERRY
(stops, an odd thought)
What if I don't get him? *

AVERY
Function function function.
Forward motion is everything.
Cush saves all. *

A76 AIRPLANE WHEELS - NIGHT A76 *

folding up. *

B76 EXT. TEXAS ROAD/INT. RENT-A-CAR - MORNING B76 *

Jerry drives the bumpiest Texas backroad ever. *

76 EXT. CUSHMAN DOOR - DAY 76

Jerry exits car. Adjusts the jacket. Scared. Takes the tie off, too, returns to the car and tosses it inside. He walks to the front door with strange anticipation. Suddenly an INTERCOM CRACKLES, jolting him with a booming and cheerful VOICE: * *

MATT CUSHMAN (V.O.)
No sports agents allowed! Ha ha.

Jerry spots the small electronic camera pointed at him from the upper corner of this rustic home. The DOOR BUZZES.

77 INT. CUSHMAN HALLWAY/DEN - DAY 77

Jerry follows the voice down a hallway loaded with Cushabilia. *

MATT CUSHMAN (O.S.)
I'm in the back den, Jerry.

He moves into the den, finding MATT CUSHMAN, 40, who stands at the living room bar. He is a former athlete, now a J. Crew cowboy. * *

MATT
You like a Bloody Beer, Jerry?
Beer and tomato juice --

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

JERRY
No thanks.
(takes a breath)
Matt, I came here because in all honesty, your son is just another piece of cattle to SMI. But to me --

MATT
(overlapping)
We decided to stay with you.

On pure instinct, he hugs Matt Cushman.

JERRY
Oh, thank you.

MATT
Told myself -- if he shows up, we'll stick with him.

JERRY
You know, I'm not a hugger and yet... I can't let go.

Matt laughs, as Cush lopes in from the kitchen. Little brother KEITH, 14, enters with him.

CUSH
Hey, Jerry, what's been going on?

78 INT. DEN - LATER DAY - HANDHELD 78

Cush, Matt, and Jerry brainstorm around the ceremonial "wagon wheel table" where decisions are made in this house.

MATT
I want him to go number one in the draft, and I want him to play.

JERRY
It's either going to be Denver or San Diego trading up to take him.

CUSH
(big grin)
Hell, I'll either surf or ski. I don't care.

MATT
Denver is where he should be.

JERRY
I'll give it everything.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

MATT
You know I don't do 'contracts.' But'cha do have my word, and it's stronger than oak.

Jerry toasts Matt with a bloody beer. A good day.

79 INT. RENT-A-CAR/TEXAS - DAY 79

Jerry drives back on the same bumpy road. On the RADIO is a Rolling Stones song he thinks he knows. *

JERRY
(sings)
Feelin'...

He realizes he doesn't know the words at all. He SWITCHES CHANNELS. Finds a RUSH song, with ornate lyrics. No one will ever know what the words are. * Switches again. All he wants is to sing along with a * song he knows. Finally he finds Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' "Refugee." He drives through the countryside, singing the call and response of the song, like a happy idiot.

80 INT. DALLAS/FT. WORTH AIRPORT - DAY 80

Jerry turns INTO SHOT. He's on the pay phone. He's jacked.

JERRY
Dorothy? Jerry Maguire! Is Avery there? Where can I reach her?

INTERCUT WITH:

81 INT. DOROTHY/LAUREL'S HOUSE - DAY 81

Dorothy is at her home work desk. Curious and nervous about the new arrangement. In the back room, the dryer * shakes the house. *

DOROTHY
Uh, she had to fly to Atlanta, didn't leave me her hotel number.

Through the back kitchen door comes neighbor and surro- * gate dad, CHAD, 25. He's with Ray, who holds pieces of * wood and a hammer.

CHAD
The new playhouse rocks, Dotty.

RAY
(jumping)
Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

DOROTHY
Honey -- later, okay?
(as Ray jumps on her)
Whoop. Wait.

JERRY
Hello?

DOROTHY
(back to phone)
Sorry, that's my son and the nanny. *

Chad shares a look with Laurel. Nanny? *

DOROTHY
I had the calls transferred to my home so I could go over your stuff.

Chad now notices the slight excited tone in her demeanor. He sits down nearby and listens to her talk to Maguire.

JERRY
No, that's fine. What calls came in today?

DOROTHY
Wait. That's yesterday, from the other office. Today is...

She flips the call record from yesterday -- 150 calls -- to today, which is blank.

DOROTHY
... light.

JERRY
Shit, it's just so frustrating to not be able to talk to Avery --

She zips through her laptop. *

DOROTHY
Wait a minute, it has to be one of the N.F.L. hotels we do business with -- let me look -- but in the meantime, about this job --
*

JERRY
(importantly)
Dorothy, let me tell you something, we are <u>back</u>. We are so very very back. <u>I re-signed Cush</u>. We're set.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

DOROTHY
We are?

JERRY
It's all going to work.

DOROTHY
I just got goosebumps.

JERRY
(manic, quiet)
It's all going to work. We're going to save the world.

DOROTHY
Well, I'm happy for you.

JERRY
Happy for us.

Oddly, the phrase affects her physically.

DOROTHY
Happy for <u>us</u>... okay. Here's the number. 404-453-2222.

JERRY
Thanks. Gotta go.

She catches herself hanging on the telephone.

DOROTHY
Okay. Call me later, hon.

She hangs up, and looks over to Laurel and Chad. Both of them stare at her.

DOROTHY
Wait. Did I just say 'hon' to him?
(as they nod)
Twenty-six-years-old. I'm already saying 'hon.' Hug your mother quickly --

Ray hugs his mother. Chad looks at her, something is different about Dorothy. Laurel walks away, sharing a look with Chad.

82 INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - DAY 82

Jerry is now teeming with energy, professional and sexual.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

JERRY
Avery, I signed Cush. Again.

INTERCUT WITH:

83 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL SUITE - DAY 83

Avery in mid-conference with four other NFL men in b.g.

AVERY
YA-HOOOO-SIE!

She falls back into a chair, kicking her expensive shoes onto the bed. In the b.g. we see the hungry look of her male co-workers. Part of them lusts after her. The larger part knows she would demolish them, and pick her teeth with their bones. *

JERRY
I know. Sorry I threw a scare into our lives there --

AVERY
Don't worry about it -- I never told you what I thought of that memo either. *

JERRY
Well, no, you didn't --

AVERY
You lost your head, it happens.
(quickly)
I'm so fuckin' jazzed! Listen.
I'm stuck here, how 'bout if you *
meet me here and we all fly into *
New York together for the draft?

JERRY
It's a plan --

AVERY
I'll set it up with your girl.
Woo! This is when it's good, Jerry. Enjoy it. Live it. Love it. And when I see you, I'm going to give you the best blow job of your life.

He hangs up, staring at the phone. In the room with Avery, the co-workers look at each other. She is far, far out of their league.

84 INT. DOROTHY'S CAR - LATER MORNING - DRIVING 84

Dorothy Boyd speeds Jerry to the airport, the electricity fills the car. On the RADIO, a sports station debates the future of Cushman, as Jerry whips through a stack of sports pages and talks on the phone at the same time. *

JERRY
Rod! Jerry Maguire. I'm on my way to the draft right now. Personal attention! Here we go. There will be about ten hours tomorrow where I'm the hottest agent on earth, because of Cushman. I want you to come with us. Just be there. I want you to meet some other teams, get your profile up. Great. Dorothy will call you with the ticket. We'll meet in Atlanta. *

Hangs up. *

DOROTHY
Avery'll meet you at the B gate at 4:15. Don't be late. *

JERRY
(nods, to Ray)
Hey, man, you know they have big balloons built into cars?

RAY
No.

JERRY
They do, my brother.

RAY *
(giggling) *
I'm not your brother! *

DOROTHY
... I put Tidwell on the same floor at the Marriott Marquis. He * doesn't smoke, right?

JERRY
I have no idea.
(continues to Ray) *
So, Ray, if there's an accident or something, it goes pwooooooooof --
(simulates airbag)
-- and you go booooooong. And you're safe.

She's a little giddy over his rapport with Ray. *

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

She touches Maguire briefly on the shoulder, then immediately pulls away, embarrassed. He doesn't even notice.

DOROTHY
Okay, have we gone over everything? Back on Tuesday, right?

JERRY
Yep. Have a good time at school, Ray. Wish me luck.

DOROTHY
Luck.

RAY
LUCK!

Jerry exits smiling. They watch him inch into the crowded airport. INTO FRAME, obscuring their view, enters another Couple, who embrace each other and their small boy. It's a genuinely sweet goodbye, and we LINGER ON Dorothy and Ray who both watch with private fantasies of the goodbye they didn't get. Mother and son look at each other, communicating volumes. They pull back into traffic.

85 INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - DAY 85

Tidwell watches as Jerry arrives late at the B Gate in Atlanta. Avery, tall and cool in plaid skirt and shades, is in combat mode. Nearby, Cush is surrounded by fans and fawning Airline Employees. Tidwell looks jealous and ignored as he leans against the airline counter, unnoticed. A lone KID approaches Tidwell.

KID
Are you Hootie?

TIDWELL
(irritated)
No, man, I'm not Hootie.

Kid leaves disappointed. Tidwell sinks lower. Doesn't anyone know his stardom, his essence, his power?

BOARDING ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
All those disabled, and Frank Cushman, can board now...

86 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 86

Jerry sits next to Cushman, who is reading Bukowski's Notes of a Dirty Old Man. Tidwell sits next to Avery. They are a small family, and Jerry feels at home with his operation. Matt, Keith, and Ann Louise sit behind them. Suddenly Cush looks up with a big thought. * *

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

CUSH
(a big thought)
Jerry. Why does God sometimes reward the evil and punish the good?

Jerry shares a look with Avery, who is on the other side of Cush. Her stockings swish as she crosses her legs.

JERRY
Let me think about that. Want something to drink?

CUSH
(thoughtful pause)
I see what you're saying.

JERRY
Wait. What do you mean?

The two men have now totally confused each other. Tidwell leans across the aisle to Cush, attempting camaraderie.

TIDWELL
Hey, man, I wish I had a quarterback like you in Arizona. You're the shit.

Cush looks up. Compliments blow off him like a summer breeze.

CUSH
Thank ya.

Tidwell waits for a compliment of his own, but Cush doesn't offer one. He returns to the book. Tidwell feels slighted.

TIDWELL
(loud mumble)
Well, you ain't that mothafuckin' good.

CUSH
Say what?

TIDWELL
I said -- last I heard, Jesus Christ was still in Heaven. And you ain't even played in the N.F.L.

Cush throws his book away, ready for anything, as Tidwell rises. Nearby passengers begin to panic.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2) 86

JERRY
This can't be happening to me.

AVERY
Jerry! Do something --

Jerry throws himself in front of Cushman.

JERRY
HEY. Knock it off. What are you, five-years-old? Am I taking the kids to Chuck E. Cheese here? Grow up, both of you! We are a family. And we go to the draft in an ORDERLY FASHION.

Jerry wonders if he's pushed his meal tickets around too much. *

TIDWELL
Hey, man, I dig Chuck E. Cheese.

CUSH
Me too, dude. Especially that big old singin' Elvis Monkey. That's just insanity, man.

TIDWELL
Heard that.

Tidwell and Cush exchange a fingertips five. Briefly, the two clients bond. Past Tidwell, Avery smiles engagingly at Jerry. He handled the situation well. She crosses her legs. stockings swishing. The workplace excites her. *

87 EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - NIGHT 87

The buzzing headquarters for the NFL draft. Limo doors open and out pours Maguire and company. Media lights flick on, bathing Cush. Reporters chatter. Fans at the outskirts are calling out to the young star ("Go get the big chi-ching, Cush!"). Avery smoothly pulls ESPN into the front position. All the Reporters ask the same question -- "Will it be San Diego or Denver?" Telegenic Cush shrugs and smiles. ("I'll either surf or ski.") Jerry answers carefully, all the while watching Avery do her job with peak efficiency. There is nothing more attractive than a person burningly efficient at their job. SHOT DRIFTS OFF this media bubble to find Tidwell watching, ignored at the outskirts. Around him, the pools of media light surround the other players and big-shots. He exits unnoticed. * * *

87 CONTINUED: 87

TIDWELL *
(mumbles to himself) *
Pleasure talking with you all... *
always a pleasure... *

88 INT. GIFT SHOP - NIGHT (LATER) 88

Tidwell hides out in a nearby gift shop, thumbing through magazines. The chip on his shoulder grows by the minute. Elsewhere in the gift shop, he notices a young athlete and his mother. Both wear self-promoting colorful homemade T-shirts with the young athlete's face on it. Something about them, their pure enthusiasm, rubs Tidwell in an odd way. He almost cries, for himself, for humanity, as Jerry enters. Tidwell is embarrassed to have been caught in this misty state.

JERRY
At last I find you.

TIDWELL
(sharply)
Why the fuck am I here? I feel like I'm five years late for the Prom.

In a look, Jerry sizes up the situation. With a hand on Tidwell's large shoulder, he smoothly pumps up the big man's ego. He guides them back out onto Times Square, back to the hotel.

TIDWELL
Nobody gives a damn about me being here.

JERRY
Come on. Come with me. We're going back to the hotel, we're going to take a walk through this lobby. I want every media guy, every player rep, everybody to see you for what you are. The best-kept secret in the N.F.L. The most commanding wide-receiver in the game. Fast. Fierce. Wildly charismatic. You ready? Let's do it.

He is privately thrilled, but offers only:

TIDWELL
(begrudgingly)
A'right. Let's walk.

We hear the ripping GUITAR EXPLOSION of THE WHO's "Magic Bus" from Live At Leeds.

89 INT. MARRIOTT LOBBY - NIGHT 89

Maguire and Tidwell move through the brightly-lit spectacle of the pre-draft lobby. Jerry works hard, introduces Tidwell around. The word "Cush" appears often, everywhere. But Jerry uses his juice to get Tidwell noticed. They meet and greet many, passing even a Nike ad being filmed. And Tidwell is a natural, polite and charming, as they move through the crowd. He blooms with the attention, as the MUSIC CONTINUES.

90 INT. MARRIOTT BAR - NIGHT 90 *

Tough red-headed beat reporter PATRICIA LOGAN watches Maguire and Tidwell from the opposite corner.

PATRICIA
Dennis, try not to laugh. Jerry Maguire brought Rod Tidwell to the draft...

91 INT. ARIZONA CARDINALS WAR ROOM (PHOENIX) - LATE DAY 91 *

Arizona general manager DENNIS WILBURN, 48, is on the phone here in the command center for the Arizona Cardinals.

WILBURN
Good, I hope he unloads him so I can buy a decent quarterback. Who's he talking to?

PATRICIA
Right now, Dallas.

WILBURN
They don't look interested, do they?

PATRICIA
Well, actually, yes...

92 INT. MARRIOTT ESCALATOR - NIGHT 92

Jerry and Tidwell rise triumphantly to the mezzanine level above the bright-white lobby. Maguire looks down at the scene. He breathes in the commotion. In another twelve hours, he will be at the very epicenter with Cushman.

TIDWELL
I came all this way to walk the lobby?

JERRY
Yeah. And it might have even worked, too.

TIDWELL
Let's do it again.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

Down in the lobby, Jerry catches a glimpse of a familiar-looking agent. It's Sugar. Tidwell continues looking at a commercial being filmed in the lobby.

TIDWELL
Lookit that, they're filming a commercial down there. Nobody asked me to participate. I ain't getting no love from Chevy. I ain't getting no love from Pepsi. I ain't getting no love from the Energizer Bunny. Ain't getting no love from Nike. Ain't getting no love from Reebok... Did I ever tell you my Reebok story?

JERRY
I gotta get back to Cushman.

TIDWELL
Okay, I understand. I'll boil it down for ya. Fuck Reebok. All they do is ignore me... Always have!

Jerry turns to Tidwell, finally focusing totally on him.

JERRY
Rod. You know what was great about you down there? For about five minutes, you unloaded that rather large chip that resides right there on your shoulder, and you know what? You let people in, and you were brilliant. Take care. See you tomorrow.

Jerry starts to exit, but Tidwell loves the attention.

TIDWELL
You're loving me now, aren't ya?

JERRY
(exiting, moving)
I'm not about love -- I'm about 'showing you the money.'

TIDWELL
Good. I was just testing ya. But just you saying that? Makes me love you.

JERRY
Get some sleep. See you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

TIDWELL
Come on, man. It's New York City! *
Let's go out and find some karaoke! *

Jerry exits, laughing as his BEEPER SOUNDS and he looks * at it. HANG ON Tidwell who now feels rather good about * himself. He nods powerfully to some passing Jets' fans. * They have no idea who he is. *

93 OMITTED 93

94 INT. CUSH'S SUITE - NIGHT 94

Jerry enters Frank Cushman's suite on a rush of adrenalin. * The room overlooks Times Square. Matt, Keith and Cush's college girlfriend ANNE-LOUISE mill about the room- * service-and-free-merchandise-filled room, basking in the * glow of the man of the moment. Cush, who holds a guitar in his lap, wears the odd combo of a Nirvana T-shirt and * an NFL jacket. He signs for more room service and continues strumming the only song he can play. *

CUSH
(to hotel waiter)
Hey, what size are you?

WAITER
Eleven.

CUSH
Why don't you grab a couple pairs * of them new Nikes by the door --

Waiter spots a very tall stack of new Nikes by the door.

WAITER
(exiting) *
Dude, you're like a God.

CUSH
(immediately)
God, you're like a dude.

The room breaks up. This is charisma, the future of the * NFL. Cush continues strumming. And now Jerry speaks, * importantly.

JERRY
Cush, Matt -- we have a decision
to make.

CUSH
'It's okay to eat fish, 'cause...' *

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

JERRY
San Diego just came in with a last-minute scenario. It's big. *

CUSH
'... they don't have any feelings...' *

MATT
Well, he's gotta go number one.

CUSH
'... Something in the way, yeah...' *

JERRY
He still goes number one, but San Diego wants to trade up with Denver. *
They want him bad. *

Cush turns to his curiously ambivalent father, who walks to the window and looks out at the big Jumbotron with Keith.

MATT
What happened to Denver?

JERRY
Denver got very silent about a day ago. San Diego's got a fever for Cush. This stuff tends to happen the night before a draft. People get crazy. And San Diego, you should know, is crazy to the tune of seven years for thirty. Signing bonus of eight. *

ANNE-LOUISE *
<u>Million</u>? *

Suddenly, they all look at her. She flutters her hands, * knowing she's committed a faux paus. In the next room, * the PHONE is RINGING. *

MATT
But what happened to Denver? *

KEITH
Should I unplug the phone?

CUSH
Reporters, Jerry. They been callin' all night. I feel like * cat food for a buncha hungry * pussies. *

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

JERRY
Just be friendly and say 'no comment.'

CUSH
Talking and saying nothing, man, is an art I have not mastered. *

Something is off in the room, but Jerry picks up the RINGING PHONE. He offers a near-perfect imitation. *

JERRY
'This is Cush.'

All laugh. *

INTERCUT WITH:

95 INT. BOB SUGAR'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 95 *

Bob Sugar talks on his hotel phone.

SUGAR
It's Sugar. He must be there, right? Just sniff or something if he's there.
(as Jerry sniffs, panicked)
Alright, buddydude. Just remember. You're swimming with the big boys now. You let your dad do all the talking. I'm the one who got you the deal you needed. This is business, not friendship. Be strong. You're global now.

Sugar hangs up.

JERRY
'No comment.'

Jerry hangs up. The room is laughing. His head is spinning. *

KEITH
Hey, it's Cush on the big T.V. again!

CUSH
Hell, I'm already sick of me. I got 'Cushlash.'

Jerry sits across from Matt, reeling quietly. *

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

JERRY
Look, before I got back to Denver. I think we should put something down on paper. Something that says, 'Hey, I'm with Jerry Maguire.'

MATT
Not right now, Jerry.

JERRY
Do I know everything there is to know here?
(silent beat)
You fellas aren't talking with Bob Sugar, are you?

MATT
Apparently, Denver wanted to deal with him instead of you.

JERRY
Said who? Sugar?

MATT
Hey, I'm learning as I go.

JERRY
So you empowered Bob Sugar to deal with Denver behind my back?

MATT
I'm sorry, I --

Jerry is full of crazy anger.

JERRY
I brought Denver to twenty million. Denver deals with me all the time. You listened to Sugar? You let that snake in the door.

Jerry touches the coffee table. Calms himself.

JERRY
It's okay. You want Denver. I'll fix this up. You didn't sign anything with Sugar, right?

Silence.

KEITH
(blurts)
Mr. Maguire, someday I'm gonna be a famous athlete and I'm gonna sign with you!

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

JERRY
Shut up!
(beat)
I'm sorry... sorry.

KEITH
(sympathy for Jerry)
S'cool.

JERRY
Now. Wait. You didn't actually sign with Sugar, did you? Tell me you didn't sign.
(beat)
Because I'm still sort of moved by your 'my word is stronger'n oak' thing --

MATT
We signed an hour ago. You were in the lobby with the black fella.

CUSH
I'm sorry, Jerry.

Silently, Jerry begins gathering his things. He takes a breath before he exits. Visible behind Maguire is Times Square in all its neon logo glory.

JERRY
Well. Okay. Of course. You're twenty years old, and I'm just another guy in a suit. It's all business. It didn't work out. You didn't buy my product, which is, unfortunately, me. But I'll be out there cheering for you. The door is always open!
(breath, directly)
But maybe this would have all worked, us being real human beings, coming through for each other, really, and now I'll never know. You'll never know. Weren't you curious?
(they aren't)
No. Okay, well, I'll be fine. And you'll be fine. And Keith, I hope you do call me.

Flushed and embarrassed, he exits. We hang a beat on the silent Cushman hotel living room, as Cush begins to strum again.

96 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 96

Jerry exits elevator dazed, at full trot. He is looking for Avery. Beat reporter Patricia Logan re-appears. *

PATRICIA LOGAN
Jerry, is it true that Tidwell's had three concussions?

JERRY
I'm sorry... excuse me...

97 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 97

Jerry enters the grand ballroom, looking for Avery. NFL reps and endorsement placards in evidence everywhere. * Jerry spots Avery across the empty ballroom, moving fast, passing out media packets on the empty tables.

98 INT. ADJACENT BUFFET ROOM - NIGHT (INCLUDES OLD SC. 99) 98 * *

AVERY
I just heard.

JERRY
What do I do? How do I spin this?

AVERY
Oh, honey. It's spun. *

JERRY
What did I do to you?

She is furious with his question. Doesn't he know?

AVERY
It's all about you, isn't it? Soothe me, save me, love me --

JERRY
Could you just stop moving?

AVERY
I have to finish my job --

JERRY
Everything's on the fucking run! Everything --

She stops. Walks to him, framed by a bank of TV monitors.

AVERY
Jerry. You and I are salespeople. We sell --

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

JERRY
Look, I don't want a --

AVERY
It's not 'love me.' It's not 'trust my handshake.' It's make the sale. Get it signed. There shouldn't be 'confusion' about that.

JERRY
Go ahead. Jump right on into my nightmare. The water's warm.

AVERY
So honesty is outlawed here, I can't be honest?

JERRY
Tell you what -- I'd prefer loyalty.

AVERY
What was our deal when we first got together? Brutal truth, remember?

JERRY
I think you added the 'brutal.'

She stops, slaps down another media packet. Blows a troublesome piece of hair out of her face.

AVERY
Jerry, there is a 'sensitivity' thing that some people have. I don't have it. I don't cry at movies. I don't gush over babies. I don't start celebrating Christmas five months early, and I don't tell a man who just screwed up both of our lives -- 'Oh, poor baby.' That's me. For better or worse. But I do love you.

Jerry looks at his fiancee. Standing here, watching Avery coldly clasping her media packs to her chest, she looks different to him.

JERRY
Avery --

She moves fast to avoid what's coming.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

AVERY
Don't say it. We're both ragged out right now.

JERRY
-- stop --

She turns. They face off. They are quickly interrupted by large, talk-show voiced CURTIS WEINTRAUB, 37.

CURTIS WEINTRAUB
Hey! Curtis Weintraub from the Sports Popper! Haven't seen you two since the Six Flags Charity Rock 'n' Sock Cuervo Gold Budfest! Hello!

Curtis gets a whiff of what he walked into.

CURTIS WEINTRAUB
(exiting quickly)
Good-bye!

AVERY
I'm warning you. Don't say it. You won't have another chance.

JERRY
Listen to me!

AVERY
No.

JERRY
It's over --

AVERY
(she takes off again)
Didn't hear it.

JERRY
There is something missing here.

AVERY
You've never been alone and you can't be alone --

JERRY
Listen to me, it's over.

She can barely believe it. She blinks.

AVERY
No one has ever dumped me.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3) 98

JERRY
I'm not trying to make history.

AVERY
I did the 23-hour nose-route to the top of El Capitan in 18 hours and 23 minutes. I can make this work. *

JERRY
(it slips out)
No.

From somewhere, the small voice of her vulnerability. *

AVERY
Oh, Jerry.

JERRY
(steps closer)
You know I didn't ever want to hurt you.

She gets an odd look, shaking her head. Starts to step away, then thinks better of it. She WALLOPS him in the face with the back of her hand. Jerry stands like a woozy boxer. She hits him again with a fist, then again in the chest. He sinks to the floor, sagging backwards. She straddles him, leans in close. *

AVERY
I won't let you hurt me, Jerry. I'm too strong for you. Loser.

99 OMITTED (NOW PART OF 98) 99 *

A100 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEXT MORNING A100 *

Jerry exits in sunglasses, Tidwell close behind. Both carry their hang-up bags. Jerry attempts to hail a cab. * *

TIDWELL
Too bad about Cushman. *

JERRY
TAXI! *

TIDWELL
You love me now, don't you? *

JERRY
Very much. TAXI! *

(CONTINUED)

A100 CONTINUED: A100

Tidwell watches his agitated agent. *

TIDWELL
Is it my imagination, or did we * <u>arrive</u> here in a limo? *

Jerry shoots a look at Tidwell, continues trying to hail a cab. * *

REPORTER #1
Is it San Diego or Denver, Jerry? *

JERRY
I don't give a shit!! *
(as cabs pass) *
TAXI! *

100 OMITTED 100 *

A101 ON TV MONITOR - ROY FIRESTONE A101

Is leaning forward, expressively, talking with a weepy athlete.

101 INT. RED CARPET LOUNGE - AFTERNOON 101 *

Tidwell watches next to Jerry, as they wait for the flight. Jerry nurses a stiff drink.

TIDWELL
Everybody on this show cries now.

JERRY
Rod --

TIDWELL
(off TV)
You feel bad you tested positive? Quit doing blow! You feel bad about your baby girl? Why did you leave the mother?

JERRY
What are you doing with me, Rod?

TIDWELL
Huh?

JERRY
Don't you even see -- I'm finished. I'm fucked. Twenty-four hours ago, I was <u>hot</u>. Now... I'm a cautionary tale!

Tidwell looks at Jerry, impassive.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

JERRY
See this jacket I'm wearing? You like it? I don't really need it, because I'm CLOAKED IN FAILURE. I lost the number one draft pick the night before the draft. They will teach my story to other agents on 'do not do this' day in agent school. Why? Let's recap. Because a hockey player's kid made me feel like a superficial jerk, I had two slices of bad pizza, went to bed, grew a conscience and wrote a 25-page Manifesto of Doom!

TIDWELL
Well, boo-fucking-hoo.

JERRY
The least you could do is nod and act sympathetic --

TIDWELL
(shaking head)
No.

JERRY
It's a quality that might come in handy for a commercial sometime.

TIDWELL
You are not allowed to act this way.

JERRY
Why not?

102 INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON (LATER) 102 *

They sit together. Jerry holds another drink.

TIDWELL
Man, I got a shelf life of ten years, tops! My next contract's gotta bring me the dollars that'll last me and mine a very long time. I'm out of this sport in five years. What's my family gonna live on? What you get me. So I don't want to hear about ya shit, your 'nya nya nya.'

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

JERRY
(ruefully, to attendant)
Another drink, please.

TIDWELL
Anybody else would have left you by now, but I'm sticking with you. I said I would. And if I got to ride your ass like Zorro, you're gonna show me the money.

JERRY
(the hell that never ends)
Oh, my God.

He looks straight ahead, at the airphone in front of him.

103 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT 103

Dorothy finds Laurel on their small porch. *

DOROTHY
He's coming over.

LAUREL
Tonight? * *

DOROTHY
He just lost his best client. He called from the plane. I invited the guy over.

LAUREL
Dotty -- this is not 'guy.' This is a 'syndrome.' It's called Early Midlife, About-To-Marry, Hanging Onto-the-Bottom-Rung, Dear-God-Don't-Let-Me-Be-Alone, I'll-Call-My-Newly-Long-Suffering-Assistant-Without-Medical-For-Company Syndrome. And if, knowing all that, you still allow him to come over, more power to you.

DOROTHY
Honey, he's engaged. And for the first time in my professional life, I'm a part of something I believe in.

Dorothy exits. Laurel shakes her head, calls to next room.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

LAUREL
Okay, but he better not be good looking!

104 INT. RAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

Dorothy puts Ray to bed.

DOROTHY
Night, buddy. This is my favorite part of your head.

She kisses the corner of his forehead, rising up into the mirror. She checks her look, in spite of herself. Ex-husband's photo is visible over Ray's head. MUSIC. *

105 INT. CAB - NIGHT (LATER) 105 *

Jerry in back of a cab, three drinks later, wearing sunglasses. * *

JERRY
Okay, turn here! Sharp right turn. 8831-3/4 Waterloo.

The cab turns onto a very small street. Down the street, another pair of headlights. Jerry's cab refuses to give in, in fact he floors it. Same with the oncoming car. *

JERRY
Yes, good, floor it, kill us!!

106 EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (INCLUDES SC. 107 DIALOGUE) 106 * *

Door opens to reveal Jerry Maguire with bags, disheveled hair and sunglasses. *

JERRY
I'm Jerry Maguire.

LAUREL
(super pleasant)
You seem just the way I pictured you. I'm her disapproving sister Laurel.

JERRY
Honesty. Thank you.

Dorothy enters, expertly casual. *

DOROTHY
Hey, you.

106 CONTINUED: 106

JERRY
Hi.

JERRY
Thanks for inviting me over. Where's the little guy?

DOROTHY
He's asleep. Watch out for that lamp.

JERRY
I'm glad you're home. That 'alone' thing is... not my specialty...

He ducks the lamp, barely. Laurel exits THROUGH his SHOT, miming "drinking" behind his back. Jerry takes off his glasses, revealing a welt and a cut below his eye.

DOROTHY
Oh, my God.

JERRY
Yeah. That too. I broke up with Avery.

DOROTHY
(entire body chemistry shifts)
Too bad.

JERRY
Better now than later. We'll still be friends. I'm dying here.

DOROTHY
Jesus, it's a real gash, isn't it?

JERRY
And just think if I got her the ring she really wanted.

Dorothy laughs.

DOROTHY
Sorry. Let me see, have a seat. I'll get you some aloe vera for that cut too.

JERRY
Do you have something to drink?

DOROTHY
Sure --

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

She is about to exit to the kitchen, when Jerry begins to unburden. *

JERRY
My brother works for NASA. He is currently growing algae in space that will one day feed the world. * * *

She waits politely for Jerry to finish searching for his point. * *

JERRY
I was supposed to be the successful one. But I don't want to get into this. And yet! My family. I grew up with repression as a... a religion -- you don't bitch. No moaning! Head down. Do it, whatever 'it' may be. My dad... he worked for the United Way for 38 years! You know what he said when he retired? He said, 'I wish they'd given me a more comfortable chair.' Thirty-eight years he sat in it! Do you know what I'm saying, Dorothy? Repression as a religion. I'm almost as old as his chair. * * * * *

DOROTHY
Beer okay?

JERRY
Yeah, thanks. You're so easy to talk with. * *

107 OMITTED (NOW PART OF 106) 107 *

108 INT. KITCHEN 108

Dorothy goes for the refrigerator. *

LAUREL
I heard.

DOROTHY
No kidding. I looked over and saw the shadow of two curious shoes in the doorway of the kitchen.

LAUREL
This guy would go home with a gardening tool right now if it showed interest.
(off Dorothy's look)
Wait. Use the frosted glasses.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

DOROTHY
(surprised)
Thank you.

LAUREL
Look, here's some of that chicken with salsa too, I warmed it up --

DOROTHY
That's the girl I love.

LAUREL
But you just gotta hear me out on one thing. You're very responsible with Ray and you know it's not right for a little boy to hear some strange man's voice in the house.

DOROTHY
As opposed to ten angry women? *

Dorothy turns quickly and the beer, sisters and chicken collide in the small kitchen. Dorothy deftly catches the food in her T-shirt, and dumps it back onto the plate. But her shirt is now stained. She starts to quietly implode, and Laurel takes command. They know each other well.

LAUREL
Come on, let's get you another top.

They exit to nearby laundry room.

109 EXT. HOUSE - WINDOW OUTSIDE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 109

CAMERA starts to MOVE AROUND the house, FROM this window showing the two sisters in the laundry room, TO the living room where Jerry sits alone. We see Ray wander into the room and stare at Jerry. *

110 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 110

Jerry, playing with a kaleidoscope, looks up to see Ray. *

RAY
Hi.

JERRY
Hi, Ray.

111 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME TIME 111

LAUREL
All I'm saying. Yo don't have the luxury of falling for some drowning man. Be practical. Now. Which top?

She holds up two tops. One is sexier with a dipped down front. The other is striped, cute, functional.

DOROTHY
Okay, you want to talk about practical? Let's talk about my wonderful life. Do you know what most other women my age are doing right now? They are partying in clubs, trying to act stupid, trying to get a man, trying to keep a man... not me. I'm trying to RAISE a man.

She grabs the sexier top, and puts it on.

DOROTHY
I've got a 24-hour-a-day reminder of Roger, for the rest of my life. I have had three lovers in four years, all boring, all achingly self-sufficient, all friends of yours, I might add, and all of them running a distant second to a warm bath. Look at me, Laurel, look at me. I'm the oldest 26-year-old in the world! How do I look?

LAUREL
Good.

DOROTHY
Thanks.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 112

Jerry and Ray play tug with a piece of rope. *

RAY
And then my dad died and my mom took me to the zoo and I love the zoo. Do you hate the zoo or do you love the zoo?

JERRY
Wait. I want to tell you more about my dad.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

RAY
Let's go the zoo.

JERRY
Okay. I've been hogging it. You're right. All my life I've been trying to talk, really talk, and no one wants to listen. You know that feeling?

Ray nods vigorously.

RAY
Let's go right now. Let's go to the zoo.

JERRY
Aw, the fucking thing... I mean, the zoo is closed.

RAY
You said 'fuck'!

JERRY
Yeah, I know. I did.

Ray loves this guy. He pats Jerry's knee.

RAY
I won't tell.

JERRY
We'll go to the zoo sometime. Okay? I think I might have some time on my hands.

RAY
I don't see any.

JERRY
(points respectfully)
Funny.

Jerry smiles. He likes this kid. What is this oddly satisfying feeling? His CELLULAR PHONE RINGS.

JERRY
Jerry Maguire.

A113 TIDWELL BATHROOM - NIGHT A113

Rod Tidwell sits in a bathtub with Advertising Age and a cellular. A small TV on corner of tub. Tyson plays in the foreground.

(CONTINUED)

A113 CONTINUED: A113

TIDWELL
You're dreaming about me, baby? Because I want my agent thinking about me all the time. That's when the big dollars are gonna flow, when my face is in your head, constantly...

B113 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT B113

Wearily, Maguire shakes his head. He can take no more of Tidwell. He hands the phone to Ray, who listens to Tidwell's creed, entertained.

JERRY
(to himself)
He doesn't even know he's probably too small for the NFL.

RAY
(like a shot)
You're too small for the NFL.

Immediately panicked, Jerry looks at Ray. Ray looks at Jerry. Ray throws the phone down, and it disconnects.

C113 INT. TIDWELL BATHROOM - NIGHT C113

Tidwell sits silent in the bathtub. First time we've seen him silenced.

D113 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (INCLUDES OLD SC. 112 DIALOGUE) D113

Laughing at Jerry's face, Ray now hears his mother approaching.

RAY
Igagotobed.

CAMERA SWINGS TO the kitchen door, where Dorothy emerges with tray.

DOROTHY
Drinks. Food. Plus, I called you a cab.

Jerry looks up, confused and somehow entertained by the swirling madness around him.

JERRY
Good idea. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

D113 CONTINUED: D113

DOROTHY
And we should keep our voices down a little. I have a little boy asleep.

JERRY
Right. Of course.

DOROTHY
So. Our company.

Jerry takes a swig of beer. Then coughs a little, then stands, woozy but loose, looking around the small house of this single mother and sister. He feels a powerful need to announce:

JERRY
Okay. Lil' speech before I go. Do. Not. Worry. About. Your. Job.
(beat)
Our company is in good shape. You and your son... we... are just fine. You still have a job. I want you to feel confident! In. Me. And I have a problem with people who talk about themselves in the third person, but let me tell you something about Jerry Maguire.

His confidence nicely fueled, Jerry reaches for a fireplace poker. He begins to joust with an imaginary opponent.

JERRY
Come after me and you will lose. I am a survivor! Do not underestimate Jerry Maguire! I've got wits! I've got the instincts of a panther!
(joust)
I've got Dorothy Boyd on my side!

DOROTHY
Don't worry about me. I can get jobs --

JERRY
We will be fine!

DOROTHY
-- especially one like this.

(CONTINUED)

D113 CONTINUED: (2) D113

JERRY
And I am...

She takes the fireplace poker from him. He becomes very aware of himself. Acting out in a virtual stranger's small-but-comfortable living room. *

JERRY
... I am drunk.

He collapses onto the sofa, embarrassed. Dorothy scoots closer in an adjacent chair. She breaks the personal barrier, carefully touching his wound with the wet tip of the aloe vera plant. *

DOROTHY
Truth?

JERRY
Sure. *

DOROTHY
Sure, I care about the job. Of course. But mostly...
(very honest)
... I want to be inspired.

There is something inspiring about the way she says the word 'inspired.' *

JERRY
Me, too.

DOROTHY
What you wrote inspired me.

He is catching a scent of that most ancient elixir. A woman's affection. Their heads inch closer together.

DOROTHY
I'm working with you because of that memo...

JERRY
... Mission... statement...

They kiss. It turns rather passionate. She places a cool hand on his cheek. He places a hand on her breast. The TAXI BEEPS outside. She pulls away. Both regard the hand on her breast.

DOROTHY
Well.

(CONTINUED)

D113 CONTINUED: (3) D113

JERRY
Sorry about this hand.
(he rises unsteadily)
You know that feeling -- you're not completely embarrassed yet, but you glimpse tomorrow's embarrassment?

DOROTHY
Don't worry about it, boss.

JERRY
Oh, shit. You said 'boss.'

DOROTHY
Yeah, I did.

JERRY
Now I feel like Clarence Thomas.

DOROTHY
No. No, don't feel like Clarence Thomas.

JERRY
No, I do. I feel like Clarence Thomas.
(the worst day ever)
I'm like... harassing you... right now.

DOROTHY
I may not sue.

He laughs a little. Unsure what more to say, Jerry rubs his face.

JERRY
Well, good evening.

DOROTHY
Good evening.

He exits. Stumbling slightly on the first step leading down from the front porch, he recovers with style.

JERRY
We'll be okay. And I'm going to take my... one client and we're gonna go all the way.
(loving the dark humor)
Hey. I'm back.

Dorothy watches him exit. She regards the poker still in her hand. Laurel watches her conflicted, slightly lovesick sister.

113 INT. CAB - NIGHT 113

Jerry in the back of the cab. He turns for a moment, looking back at the warm house he's just left. Something is scratching at his soul, trying to get in. MUSIC CONTINUES. He was strangely comfortable there, as the house disappears from his view. He looks out at the neighborhood, as if it were a museum of domesticity.

JERRY
All those yellow windows... all those lives... Great...

FADE TO:

114 OMITTED 114

115 EXT. TEMPE PRACTICE AREA/WORKOUT - DAY 115

Rod Tidwell races to catch up to a wobbly, overthrown pass. He snags it out of the air, and moves gracefully downfield. He turns back to shout at the quarterback for the bad pass ("You're hanging me out to dry, man"), and slams into a padded post. Dennis Wilburn crosses in front of Maguire, giving him a look.

JERRY
We gotta talk about his contract, Dennis.

WILBURN
Meet me at eight at the Crocodile.

X115 INT. CROCODILE SPORTS BAR - NIGHT X115

Maguire waits. And waits. And looks at his watch. And waits.

116 OMITTED 116

X116 EXT. WILBURN'S HOME - SUNRISE X116

Dennis Wilburn exits his home in a gated area of Phoenix. He is wearing golf attire, carries clubs. BIRDS are CHIRPING. Maguire appears from behind some shrubbery.

JERRY
'Morning, Dennis.

WILBURN
'Morning, Jerry.

Wilburn looks busted, but doesn't apologize. He goes about taking the targa-top off his sports car. Maguire helps.

(CONTINUED)

X116 CONTINUED: X116

JERRY
Ten million for four years.

WILBURN
(scoffing noises)
It's early. You're still dreaming.

JERRY
Ten-for-four is what's fair.

WILBURN
He's too small, Jerry.

JERRY
He broke all your receiving records.

Wilburn gives Jerry a look, they continue struggling with the top of the car. Maguire notes the simple fact that Wilburn will never care as much about a player as he does about this car.

JERRY
Then trade him or let me take him to Dallas.

WILBURN
Dallas? Please --

JERRY
He's from Arizona. He wants to produce for you. He respects you. He loves you.

117 INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER AREA - DAY 117

Jerry stands in the locker room. O.S we hear a SHOWER.

TIDWELL (O.S.)
So what did the motherfucker say?

JERRY
We're getting there. I could see it in his eyes...

Tidwell emerges naked, dripping wet.

TIDWELL
Michael Irvin! Jerry Rice! Chris Carter! I smoke all these fools, and yet they're making the big sweet dollars. They're making the --
(fingers word like silk)
-- the kwan.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

JERRY
'Kwan'? That's your word?

TIDWELL
Yeah, man, it means love, respect, community... and the dollars too. The package. The kwan.

JERRY
But how did you get 'kwan'?

TIDWELL
I got there from 'coin,' dude. Coin, coin... kwaaaaan.

JERRY
Great word. Towel?

TIDWELL
No, I air-dry.

JERRY
Rod, I say this with great respect, but those players you mentioned are marquee players and --

TIDWELL
(phone beeps)
Is that your porty or mine?

JERRY
You.

Tidwell rummages in his bag. Finds one of two porties and answers the one with a Polaroid of Nickee taped to it.

TIDWELL
Hi, baby. Yeah, I'm just breakin' in the new agent. He says I'm not marquee. I know... I know...

Tidwell holds up the phone so Jerry can hear the sound of Nickee GOING OFF.

TIDWELL
My wife is upset with you.

118 INT. LOCKER ROOM MIRROR - DAY 118

The conversation continues as still-naked Tidwell fixes hair in the mirror. Jerry is earnest, passionate.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

JERRY
Here's what I'm saying. This is a renegotiation. We want more from them, so let's give them more. *
Let's show them your pure joy of the game, let's bury the Attitude a little, let's show them --

TIDWELL
(irritated)
You're telling me to dance.

JERRY
No, I'm saying to be --

He mimes a dainty little showboat-touchdown dance.

TIDWELL
(little voice)
'Love me love me love me... put me on T.V. Hello, white America!' *
(pissed)
That's the iconography of racism, man!

Nickee's voice emerges from Tidwell's cellular, near the * mirror. *

NICKEE (V.O.) *
I agree with everything he just * said. *

JERRY
Rod, Nickee, I'm not a racist. I'm * telling you to be the best version of you, to get back to the guy who first started playing this game. Way back when you were a kid. It wasn't just about the money, was it?

Tidwell gives him a look. Money was always a factor.

TIDWELL
Do your job, man, don't tell me to dance.

JERRY
Fine.

He begins gathering his things.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2) 118

TIDWELL
I'm an athlete, not an entertainer. These are the ABC's of me. Get it? I don't dance. And I DON'T start pre-season without a contract. *

Jerry rubs face.

TIDWELL
What's wrong.

JERRY
Forget it. Forget it.

TIDWELL
No, tell me.

JERRY
I'm out here for you! You don't know what it's like to be me out here for you. It is an up-at-dawn pride-swallowing siege that I will never fully tell you about! Okay?! Help me help you help me help you.

TIDWELL
You're hanging by a very thin thread, dude. And I dig that about you.

Jerry has had enough for one day.

JERRY
(loopy, punch-drunk) *
Hey. I'm happy to entertain you! I'll see you in L.A.!

Tidwell watches his agent lurch off, muttering and swaying.

TIDWELL
See, man, that's the difference between us. You think we're fighting, I think we're finally talking!

119 OMITTED 119

120 INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY 120

Jerry moves slowly through crowded airport, preoccupied with thought. Definitely, the job used to be easier. *

121 INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (LATER) 121

Jerry enters, carrying bag, weary. Dorothy greets him. They are stuck in his small condo, and the scent of their previous encounter is still in the air. She hands him a list of his calls.

DOROTHY
Dennis Wilburn called from Arizona to say he's faxing in the new Tidwell offer on Thursday morning. *
We could sure use that commission. *
I did some work on your finances... *

She hands him a company report she's done. He takes a quick look. * *

JERRY
I sunk most of what I had into this condo, which devalued, and --

DOROTHY
You don't have to explain.

JERRY
Look, the other night, I want to apologize.

DOROTHY
(can't read him) *
Yeah, what happened there.

JERRY
We're two people working together and we can't have an atmosphere.

DOROTHY
I'm relieved you said that.

JERRY
I mean, the other night was... you * know, lonely... I felt you * understood something, what I was * trying to say. *

DOROTHY
What were you trying to say? *

JERRY
I don't know. I was... I remember * the better points of the evening, * I remember <u>you</u>, and your son. *
(beat) *
But we have a company here to * think about. I won't ever take advantage of you in that way again.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

DOROTHY
(evenly)
Oh, good.

JERRY
You walked out on a job for me, and look how I repay you --

DOROTHY
(a look)
Exactly because I know this is a time when you need to be alone with your thoughts. Think about everything that's gone wrong, how to fix it, and just be... alone, alone, alone.

Dorothy in the b.g. of the shot, watching his reaction.

JERRY
You want to go out to dinner?

122 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 122

Dorothy looks for a jacket as Laurel helms the Divorced Women's group in the living room. Jan speaks through her whistly braces, gesturing with a too-full glass of red wine.

JAN
I broke up with the cowboy. And now he's stalking me...

ALICE
What's the current definition of stalking?

WOMAN #1
Coming over uninvited.

JAN
(thoughtful)
So Romeo under the trellis... was a stalker.

WOMAN #1
Exactly.

Dorothy finds the jacket.

123 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 123

Dorothy stops in the hallway to see that Jerry has arrived at the back-kitchen door.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

She watches unseen as Maguire shakes hands with Chad and is hit suddenly by a flying hug from Ray. He gives the kid an athletic bag, which is filled with state-of-the-art promotional athletic wear, etc. Ray continues hugging Jerry. *

124 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 124

Jerry plays with the kid, as Dorothy enters. *

DOROTHY
Hey, looks like you've got a fan.

JERRY
(outdressed)
Wow. That's more than a dress. That's an Audrey Hepburn movie.

DOROTHY
Yeah -- guess I got revved up at the idea of an evening among adults -- no offense, buster. Jerry, did you meet Chad? *

JERRY
Yeah, I did -- am I dressed okay? I guess I didn't realize we were...

He doesn't finish the words "going out on a date." He watches, amused, at the small circus that swirls around this kitchen. * * *

DOROTHY
Don't let him stay up too late.

CHAD
(grandly)
Hey, man, tonight I'm going to teach Ray about jazz.

DOROTHY
Good, that'll put him to sleep early. No offense. *

CHAD
You know, you people have a jazz problem in this house. *

RAY
I wanna go, too.

Laurel gives Ray a look. Ray backs down, as Jerry hears SNATCHES OF THE WOMEN'S GROUP GOING FULL BLAST in the living room.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

DOROTHY
We'll see you soon, honey. 'Bye.

JERRY
'Bye, you guys.

Ray extends his arms, he wants a hug. Jerry bends down awkwardly to give him one, and Ray plants a kiss on Jerry's cheek. All are surprised, especially Jerry. Dorothy is struck and moved. SHOT FALLS ON Ray who watches Jerry exit with wonder. *

125 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 125

Laurel looks out the window, watches her sister exiting. She is equal parts jealous and protective. She spots keys on counter. She grabs them and runs out to catch her sister on the lawn. *

126 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 126

Jerry and Dorothy exit through the many cars. The sound of the WOMEN'S GROUP is heard in the warmly glowing house behind them. *

LAUREL
Hey!

Jerry moves ahead, Dorothy to talk with Laurel privately. *

LAUREL
Forgot your keys --

DOROTHY
(quietly) *
That's the first time I ever saw him kiss a man, like a dad, wasn't that just... thrilling?
(eyes tear up)
I mean, he must have been needing that.

*

LAUREL
No no. Don't cry at the <u>beginning</u> of the date.

DOROTHY
(laughing, wiping tear)
Oh, knock it off!

LAUREL
(can't help it)
And don't be a shoulder for him to cry on either.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

We STAY WITH Laurel as she watches her sister exit. MUSIC CONTINUES. Lit by streetlight, Dorothy runs like a young girl, across the lawns of this car-filled neighborhood, slapping away the leaves of a tree, running to Jerry down the street.

127 INT. ANTONIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 127

Jerry and Dorothy sit at the table of this Mexican restaurant. In the b.g., Mariachis play.

JERRY
It was laziness, my whole breakup with Avery. You know that thing you say, 'it's nobody's fault.' It's one of the great lies, right? Someone is always to blame -- if you go for it, go for it like you do a job, work at it --

DOROTHY
Maybe love shouldn't be such hard work.

JERRY
I know, but --

MARIACHIS approach the table.

HEAD MARIACHI
A song for the lovers?

JERRY/DOROTHY
(too quickly)
No. No thanks.

DOROTHY
We work together.

Jerry slips the guy a few bucks to go away. They do so, reluctantly.

JERRY
See, you choose. If you fall for someone, if you make a commitment, you should make it work. It's only when 'options' entered the picture that things got bad. I'm speaking historically now. It's a modern day concept, neuroticism -- how do I feeeeeel? -- I think the only good thing to come from this period in history is probably the movie Annie Hall.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

DOROTHY
(evenly)
Maybe you should call her.

JERRY
No no no. I just underestimated her...
(touches wound)
... her temper, I guess. Why are we even talking about this?

A FLOWER GIRL approaches the table with an armful of roses.

FLOWER GIRL
A rose for the lady.

JERRY
You want a --

DOROTHY
(scoffs)
No. No way.

Jerry gives her few bucks, she exits.

DOROTHY
Yeah. It wasn't like my marriage to Roger was so great, even before --
(stops herself)
Jerry?

JERRY
What?

DOROTHY
(simply)
Let's not tell our sad stories.

Jerry laughs to himself. He admires her directness.

DOROTHY
We're young, we're semi-successful. *
Life is good. Right? *

He points at her. Yes. She exits. *

A128 OMITTED A128 *

BB128 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER) BB128*

Dorothy on the phone outside the bathroom. *

(CONTINUED)

BB128 CONTINUED: BB128

DOROTHY
No. Now... come on... No, they sting... Let Chad catch the bee in the glass. He won't hurt it. Aw, buddy, you got such a good heart. I love you, I'll be home soon. Can't wait to see you.

B128 EXT. BATHROOM B128

She exits the bathroom and stops at the sight of what is happening at the table. Jerry, hand on face, is embarrassingly being serenaded by the Mariachis, who now play a mournful "Tears In Heaven." She smiles at the image, in fact the poetry charms her. Dorothy moves forward, grinning, fishes some bucks out of her pocket, and sends the Mariachis in another direction.

DOROTHY
Come on, let's take a walk.

128 INT. DOROTHY'S PORCH - NIGHT 128

MUSIC FEATHERS INTO sounds of the night. A BUG BUZZING from the nearby light, Jerry swats it away.

JERRY
Well -- this would be goodnight.

DOROTHY
Good night.

JERRY
I'll see you tomorrow.

On impulse, she grabs him and pulls him close. Kisses him. It's a good one.

DOROTHY
Good night.

JERRY
Good night.

But they don't move. He pulls her closer by her straps. They break. She holds them up, nervous now. His lips travel down. He kisses her upper chest. She sighs deeply, she's missed this feeling. Jerry rises to kiss her lips again, tying her straps back on. Her expression says there is a decision to make. She concentrates on the styrofoam container she's brought back from the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

DOROTHY
(breath)
I think you should not come in, or come in depending on how you feel.

JERRY
Same to you.

DOROTHY
No. I have to go in. I live here.

JERRY
Right. I'll come in.

DOROTHY
Okay. Wait here a second.
(beat, then)
Do we really want to do this?

JERRY
(half unsure)
Oh hell yes.

129 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 129

Dorothy enters to find Chad watching TV. The house is now quiet, the remains of the Divorced Women's group is still in evidence.

DOROTHY
He's asleep, right?

CHAD
Yeah, how'd it go?

DOROTHY
Still going.

Chad raises his eyebrows.

DOROTHY
Shhh.

130 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT 130

Jerry on the porch, as Chad exits.

CHAD
Treat her right, man. She's...

JERRY
(self-conscious)
Yeah... well...

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

CHAD
She's great. And I know this is a little awkward, but I want you to use this.

Chad rummages in bag for a moment. Jerry is somewhat horrified at what Chad might be giving him. Out comes a cassette tape.

CHAD
(intense)
This... is Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Stockholm. 1960... two masters of freedom, playing in a time before their art was corrupted by a zillion cocktail lounge performers who destroyed the legacy of the only American art form -- JAZZ.

Jerry takes the tape, as the front door squeaks open. Dorothy shoos Chad away, quietly leads Jerry inside.

131 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 131

Fierce, elegant, driving JAZZ. Dorothy and Jerry making out on bed. Getting hotter. The MUSIC gets WILDER. Finally it is impossible to ignore, and Jerry collapses backwards on the bed laughing. She is left frozen, her arms open but he is gone. *

DOROTHY
What is this music?

They both crack up, and she kisses him as the MUSIC plays. He looks at her. She turns away, then back again, he's still looking at her. It's a powerful moment for her. Laughter continues, the music is ridiculous. (Their sex is a big difference from the let's-be-intense sex with Avery.)

132 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 132

Laurel just home from work in nurse uniform, has a late-night joint and carefully blows the smoke out the window. She helps herself to the styrofoam appetizers. Listening to the laughter.

X132 INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT X132

CLOSER SHOT, still kissing. Hands exploring each other's bodies.

DOROTHY
I can't stop my brain.

(CONTINUED)

X132 CONTINUED: X132

JERRY
I can't stop my hands.

DOROTHY
Well, we're a good match, I guess.

JERRY
Right... right...

DOROTHY
A little to the left would be good, too.
(as they kiss)
I was worried you can't afford me and now I don't care... I mean, I do have an outstanding job offer in San Diego, with the Chargers. And maybe I should take that offer because you're... you're a little broke right now. I was looking for an opportunity to bring this up, and --

He silences her with another kiss.

JERRY
You're a great accountant.

DOROTHY
Why?

JERRY
They never pick the right time to tell you the bad news, but you sure do.

DOROTHY
Well, thanks.

JERRY
Stop your brain. We're going to be fine.

They kiss.

DOROTHY
You're not going to yell, are you? These walls are really thin.

He mimes yelling, and she laughs.

JERRY
You know what? I'm beginning to like jazz.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 133

CLOCK RADIO CLICKS ON. It's still dark. Only the glow of the digital lamp. Jerry alone in bed. He gets up, coughs, jumps to his feet and looks for his pants. *

JERRY
(to himself; rueful)
Wonderful. You really needed to do this... *

He maneuvers through a strange bedroom, steps on strange toys. *

134 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 134

Dorothy and Laurel in the kitchen, waiting for the coffee. *

DOROTHY
I'm getting him up, don't worry! Ray will never see his mother's raging physical needs. *

LAUREL
First you gotta tell me something.

DOROTHY
No --

135 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 135

Jerry moving down the hallway, hears VOICES.

136 INT. KITCHEN - CUTTING BACK AND FORTH - MORNING 136 *

LAUREL
Because I'm worried that you're putting your faith in this guy who, because of the way things are going, may not have an emotional marble in his head.

DOROTHY
Please, if I start talking --

LAUREL
Guys are just different people when they're hanging onto the bottom rung.

ON JERRY

listening. *

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

DOROTHY
... so what am I, for taking the opportunity, Laurel? Maybe I am taking advantage. Am I a bad person? All I know is that I found someone who was charming and popular and not-so-nice to me -- and he died. Okay? So why should I let this guy go, when everything in my body says This One is the One.

LAUREL
Easy, hon, I was just looking for fun details --

DOROTHY
Oh, well, why didn't you say so? And oh, I don't know if you're interested in this detail, but I was just about to tell you that I love him. I love him, and I don't care what you think. I love him for the guy he wants to be, and I love him for the guy he almost is. I love him.

ON JERRY

rubbing his face.

RAY
(surprising all parties)
Hi, Jerry!

Dorothy leans into the hallway now, sees Jerry standing there, well within earshot. As Ray happily enters.

DOROTHY
Oh, God.

JERRY
Easy, easy --

Jerry enters the kitchen, stands near Laurel.

LAUREL
(frozen polite)
Coffee, Jerry?

JERRY
Oh, no thanks. We bottom-feeders prefer cereal first --

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2) 136

RAY
Let's have Apple Jacks!

DOROTHY
(in agony)
If there is a god, why am I still here?

JERRY
Apple Jacks it is. Dorothy, good morning, darling.

He kisses her on the cheek, in full view of Ray. Dorothy, still embarrassed, not sure what is going on, reaches for cereal.

RAY
What's going on, Jerry?

JERRY
A lot. We got a big fax today... we need this commission, buddy.

The sisters look at each other. Ray looks around, he feels happy, but there is something else in the room. He shrugs and continues to feel happy.

137 INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE - LATER DAY 137

Jerry and Dorothy prepare for the Tidwells.

DOROTHY
That was great of you this morning.

The Tidwells HONK, arriving in the driveway.

JERRY
(friendly, dismissive)
Look, let's just root for a big offer so we can move out of this room to a real office.

She feels slightly slapped down, but covers. She opens a window quickly, and busies herself with the clutter at hand.

138 INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE - ON FAX 138

connecting.

FOUR FACES

waiting for the results.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

Everybody has a stake in this fax. Lives are very clearly hanging on these results. Nickee shuts her eyes.

NICKEE
Read it to me, and don't say anything unless it's over nine.

Jerry is the first to read the news. There is a stunning disappointment on the fax.

JERRY
Aw shit --

Rod turns away. Dorothy shuts her eyes, as Nickee opens hers. Tidwell slinks off to sit in a seat too small for him.

NICKEE
One-point-seven for three years. That's below average. We owe more than that...

JERRY
I'll go back to them.

NICKEE
(explodes)
And say what? 'Please remove your dick from my ass!'?
(a beat)
I'm sorry. I'm a little pregnant right now.

TIDWELL
I feel like crying. I feel like breaking the room up.

JERRY
Okay, we don't take this emotionally. We roll with this problem.

NICKEE
What are you talking about -- 'don't get emotional.' If you ask me, you haven't gotten emotional ENOUGH about this man.

JERRY
Nickee --

NICKEE
What DO you stand for???

Dorothy looks right and left, can't hold back.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2) 138

DOROTHY
(furious)
How about a little piece of integrity in this world that is so filled with greed and a lack of honorability that I don't know what to tell my kid except take a look at a guy who isn't shouting 'show me the money,' he's quietly broke and working for you for free!
(off Jerry's pained look)
Well, I'm sorry, I'm not as good at the insults as she is.

NICKEE
No, that was pretty good.

TIDWELL
(impressed)
No shit.

DOROTHY
In fact, you should read something that meant the world to me...

She opens the drawer, and withdraws the Mission Statement. She is headed across the room to give it to Nickee, when Jerry swiftly intercepts it.

JERRY
Another time, okay, Dorothy?

DOROTHY
Fine, I just --

JERRY
And I appreciate that impulse.

Jerry throws the Mission Statement into a bottom drawer. *

TIDWELL
(isolated) *
Tell me what to do, Jerry. You tell me to eat lima beans, I'll eat lima beans. If you say take the shitty deal, that's all we can get --

NICKEE
'All we can get'?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (3) 138

TIDWELL
Can I SPEAK with my agent here?

Nickee is passionate. Focused on Rod.

NICKEE
You know what you're gonna do, Rodney. You're gonna reject this shitty contract. You're gonna play out your existing shitty contract and go to be a free agent next year and the hell with Arizona. This is us, and we determine our worth. You're a fine, proud, surviving, splendid black man.

TIDWELL
Honey, you are just... the shit.

She caresses the back of his neck. He pulls her to him. He gives her a small kiss. Dorothy and Jerry look at the couple, fascinated and somewhat uncomfortable. There is a palpable force-field around the Tidwells.

JERRY
If you get injured, you get nothing.

TIDWELL
Won't happen. I'm strong in my mind.

JERRY
It's a risk.

TIDWELL
Bet on me, dude. Bet on me like I bet on you.

Tidwell puts his hand out. Maguire is conflicted, but shakes.

139 EXT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 139

Tidwell and Nickee exit. Dorothy and Jerry on the lawn.

JERRY
I'll get you some quick work --

TIDWELL
Good deal, man.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

NICKEE
I'm sorry what I said back there.

JERRY
Don't be silly.

NICKEE
My husband believes in you. We're gonna make it. Bye bye, Dorothy.

DOROTHY
Take care, you guys.

Tidwells exit. Finally, Dorothy and Jerry are alone. The Tidwell situation has left an ominous feeling in the air.

DOROTHY
Well, I gotta take that job in San Diego, so don't worry about me. But, Jerry, what you need to do -- *

JERRY
Don't even talk about that yet. I'll find something fast for Tidwell. We'll stay afloat.

140 OMITTED 140

141 AIRPLANE WHEELS 141

touching down.

142 EXT. COMMERCIAL SET/KAMMELL CHEVROLET/ARIZONA - DAY 142 *

Tidwell stands on the set of a regional Arizona car commercial. Three other bored, large Arizona athletes wait by a coffee machine, as Jerry's friend, director Bill Dooler, appears ready to implode. Nearby, a camel. *

TIDWELL
No, dude, know your art form. *

JERRY
Rod, get on the camel.

DOOLER
(shoots look to Jerry)
The sponsor wants a camel --

TIDWELL
Jerry, back me up. It's either the camel or me...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

Tidwell waves his arms, spooking the camel, who spits and stomps. Several crew members scatter in various directions.

JERRY
(takes bullet)
All right. Enough. I'm pulling him out of this. This isn't what I had in mind anyway.

DOOLER
Then you shouldn't have begged me to hire him.

143 EXT. SET - LATER 143

Jerry and Tidwell walk quickly from the set. In the background, another athlete rides the camel. Jerry rubs face. *
*

TIDWELL
You're learning to be my agent, man! We ain't ever gonna bring Nike to their knees doing some regional camel ad. * * * * *

JERRY
Can I ask you a question totally unrelated to your career?

TIDWELL
Oh, we gonna be friends now?

JERRY
What do you know about dating a single mother? *

TIDWELL
Oh I know plenty. I was raised by a single mother.

JERRY
Tell me, because she's about to take another job in San Diego. *

TIDWELL
First, single mothers don't 'date.' They have <u>been to the circus</u>, you know what I'm saying? They have been to the puppet show and they have <u>seen the strings</u>. You love her?

JERRY
How do I know?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

TIDWELL
You know when you know. It makes you shiver, it eats at your insides. You know? It's a terrible, terrible thing -- you know? *

Jerry nods, makes a yes and no gesture. *

JERRY
No, I don't know.

TIDWELL
Then you gotta have The Talk.

JERRY
You know, I mean, I'm feeling a little... I don't want her to leave. I've been hanging at her place a lot. *

TIDWELL
But you must be fair to her. A single mother, that's a sacred thing, man, gotta have The Talk. *
(beat) *
She loves you, you don't love her. You gotta tell her. Gotta have The Talk. *

JERRY
The kid is amazing.

TIDWELL
(shaking head)
No. A real man does not shoplift the 'pooty' from a single mom.

JERRY
I didn't 'shoplift the pooty.' We were thrown together and -- I mean it's two mutual people who --
(a look)
All right, I shoplifted the pooty.

TIDWELL
Shame on you. SHAME on you.

Jerry exits, rubbing face. *

144 OMITTED 144 *

145 EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT YARD - DAY 145

A U-Haul is parked in the driveway. *

146 EXT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 146

LAUREL
(putting her together)
When you say goodbye, don't make a big dramatic thing out of it. Be cool. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be. You'll still see each other. I mean, come on, what about ME? I'm losing the only person who really listens to me, and you only listen to me partially.

DOROTHY
Quit making me laugh.

LAUREL
You're doing the right thing. You need to start your life and he... he needs a warm body to cushion the fall. Check out exhibit A on the front lawn. I'm almost sympathetic to the guy.

POV - THE SISTERS

We see Jerry saying goodbye to Chad too many times. He's anxious not to be left alone. Finally Chad grabs him by the shoulders, says goodbye, as a sad Ray trudges to the cab of the U-Haul.

147 EXT. DOROTHY'S PLACE - DAY 147

Jerry scoots a very sad Ray over, and talks to him in the car.

JERRY
I'm not good at this.

Ray begins to cry. Jerry is incapable of dealing with it.

JERRY
I'll see you this weekend, okay?

Ray wails. Jerry squeezes his shoulder, it does nothing, so he exits. He rises and faces Dorothy, keys in hand.

JERRY
Sure you're okay to drive this?

DOROTHY
This rig? Phht. No problem.

JERRY
So I'll see you this weekend.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

She accepts it casually, with a shrug.

DOROTHY
All right, so goodbye and --
I'll see you in a couple days
and --
(simple, with
shrug)
I love you.

JERRY
(too quick,
weirdly)
... I love you too, you know.

She reacts with an odd look. The words don't sound right, and he knows that she knows.

JERRY
What --

DOROTHY
Nothing.

JERRY
I'll see you soon.

She turns, decides to say it.

DOROTHY
Look, just in case this weekend becomes next month and next month becomes whatever...
(beat)
Don't make a joke of your life. Go back and read what you wrote. You're better than the rest of them, better than the Bob Sugars, and don't forget it.

She kisses him, and moves quickly toward the car, leaving him alone in frame. He grows increasingly uncomfortable, watching her leave.

JERRY
Wait a second.

ON DOROTHY

Moving to her car. She hears him. It's not loud enough for her.

JERRY
WAIT A SECOND!

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2) 147

She stops, turns, and he is now close to her.

JERRY
I know a way to s... to save on Medical and rent and... look...

He grips one hand with the other. Dorothy looks at his strange behavior. He looks over to the cab, where Ray is making a sad face at him through the window.

JERRY
... what if we stayed together? What if we uh... got married.

She looks at him. It's an odd proposal.

JERRY
If I said that, would you stay?

DOROTHY
No no. Don't do that. Don't say that if you don't...
(beat)
Well, say it if you want to.

JERRY
(beat)
Will you marry me?

She grabs him, and whispers in his ear. Words that speak to his soul.

DOROTHY
Give me half a chance and I'll make you twice as happy.

She kisses his neck and runs back to the house, to tell Laurel. Jerry moves to Ray.

RAY
What's going on?

JERRY
Well, uh, I'm marrying your mother.

He shares the small, emotional moment with Ray, as Dorothy runs off happily, crazily to her sister.

A148 INT. DOROTHY/LAUREL HOUSE - DAY A148

Laurel watches in horror as her sister comes running back to her.

DOROTHY
Laurel! Guess what...!

148 OMITTED 148

149 EXT. DOROTHY'S BACKYARD - DAY 149

Rod Tidwell sings Marvin Gaye's "What's Going on" at the wedding for assorted guests here in the backyard, including Nickee and Tyson. Contrary to his own belief, Rod is not a gifted singer. In the wedding band, standing on a small stage in the corner, are Chad and Dooler. *
*

ON JERRY

Who stands watching, smile pasted on, with FATHER and well-dressed BROTHER. They are the stoic Maguires.

BROTHER
Where are all your friends?

JERRY
(looking around)
In the band.

150 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK 150

We are CLOSE ON Ray now as we hear the sound of a REVEREND READING WEDDING VOWS. Ray holds the ring, and waits for his cue to offer it. And every time the Reverend pauses, he starts to offer the ring. Dorothy's leg and hand are visible IN FRAME. She calms him with a hand on the shoulder. And finally the cue comes and he offers the ring.

151 INT. DOROTHY'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT 151

The bride and groom catch each other, post-wedding, in the hallway.

DOROTHY
Wow. We actually --

JERRY
Yeah, we did.

Giddy, Dorothy heads into the living room where friends and relatives watch the video of the wedding. She stands as they watch the coverage of the moment before Dorothy arrives. The camera catches this moment -- Jerry turning to Tidwell nearby, shrugging, as if to say, "What the hell, why not?"

ON DOROTHY

who pauses, pretends not to take it too seriously.

ON JERRY

in the next room.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

The enormity is evident on Jerry's face. Much laughter and family noise in the background now. He holds onto a table for a moment, steadies himself. Jerry takes a breath and moves into the kitchen. Finds a beer. He turns and finds himself alone with Laurel, for the first time. She raises her beer. They toast, warily. *

LAUREL
If you fuck this up, I'll kill you.

JERRY
(as she exits)
Glad we had this talk!

Nearby, Tidwell moves to Jerry. Confidentially: *

TIDWELL
You never had 'The Talk,' did you?

JERRY
No.

TIDWELL
Well, this was another way to go.

Jerry smiles. Dorothy brings Jerry a Polaroid someone took, and for a moment the couple stands awkwardly together. Tidwell rubs Jerry's shoulders a little, announcing: *

TIDWELL
This is my agent, man! And we're all gonna have a great season!

He pounds Jerry on the back, hard, shaking him like a pinata.

152 OMITTED 152

FADE TO:

A153 SERIES OF SHOTS (FOOTBALL MONTAGE) A153 *

Tidwell moves through the season, taking mighty hits. Insert shot of his getting treatment. Now, more hits, leading us to... * * *

153 EXT. PHILADELPHIA PLAYING FIELD - DAY 153

Tidwell catches the ball, takes a vicious hit. *

154 INT. PHILADELPHIA PRESS BOX - DAY 154

Jerry moves through the crowded press box, pressing shoulders, working the cause for Tidwell. Across the room, he sees GM Dennis Wilburn standing with Avery. They share a look. He turns away, passing a monitor where elsewhere in the country, Frank Cushman is having another sensational Sunday. *

155 OMITTED 155

156 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM/PHOENIX - DAY 156

This is the Tidwell family ritual of watching Rod's games on the big-screen home t.v. At the center is pregnant Nickee Tidwell. Everything flows from her. Next to her is Tyson, and then the cousins, the neighborhood friends. At this particular moment, they are all screaming for Rod, who is taking a beating, but is having a hell of a game. In front of the T.V., Tyson does the "Daddy Dance," a dance of pure joy. *

TYSON
(proudly, to family)
That's my motherfucker!

Nickee reaches out and collars her dancing son.

NICKEE
Why don't you be the first man in your family not to say that word? And then we'll let you live.
(as Tyson nods wide-eyed) *
Now go kiss your daddy, quick.

Tyson dances over to the screen and kisses his dad's graphic image.

TEE PEE
That's why they cheer, you know. *
The white man sending the black man into battle...

Nickee shoots him a look, as Tidwell takes another rough hit. The ball squirts out of his hands. *

157 INT. STADIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT 157

Jerry stands waiting. Bob Sugar nearby, greeting quarterback JOHN SWENSON. Still no Tidwell.

158 & 159 OMITTED 158 & 159

A160 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT A160 *

Tidwell sits alone at his locker, as fully dressed * Patricia Logan and other media talk to weary naked * players other than himself. *

160 EXT. PHILADELPHIA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 160

Finally, here comes Tidwell, moving very slowly with garment bag.

JERRY
How's your head?

TIDWELL
Bubblicious.

He pauses to sign an autograph for a man in a wheel- * chair. RANDALL CUNNINGHAM passes, pats Tidwell. After * a moment, they move on. *

TIDWELL
The quarterback sucks, man. He's gonna get me killed.

JERRY
I'm a little worried --

TIDWELL
I'm worried too. I'm worried that the only reason I'm here getting my brains blown loose is that you weren't asshole enough to get my ten million three months ago -- *

INSANE FAN
(interrupting loudly)
FUCKIN' ROD TIDWELL YOU RULE YOU RULE! YOU RULE! I WON A FUCKIN' A * FUCKIN' MUG ON YOU IN MY ROTISS... ROTISS...

*

TIDWELL
Peace, my drunken brother. And don't discuss gambling with me.

Expertly, he guides Insane Fan to another player. *

JERRY
We can still take the offer, Rod.

*

TIDWELL
I'm gonna have the game of my life on Money Night Football, and show all these motherfuckers.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

JERRY
Take care, okay? You're my entire client roster.

TIDWELL
Don't I know. Now go home to your wife.

JERRY
What's that supposed to mean?

TIDWELL
Why are you even here, man? You could have told me all this over the phone.

JERRY
I don't know -- how's 'dedication' for an answer?

TIDWELL
You don't want to go home, do you?

JERRY
Why are you doing this to me, Rod?

TIDWELL
I'm asking you a question --

JERRY
No, you're --

TIDWELL
I'm trying to talk to you. How's your marriage?

Jerry looks at Rod for a moment. It is the simplest question, and one in which he has no quick answer.

JERRY
Not everyone has what you have.

TIDWELL
Then why'd you get married? I'm asking you as a friend.

JERRY
(shaking his head)
You're jabbing at me.

TIDWELL
I'm sorry I asked.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2) 160

JERRY
No, I'm going to answer you. You want an answer? I'll give it to you. Loyalty. She was loyal. *
(unconvincing)
Everything grew from there.

TIDWELL
That's an answer.

JERRY
Damn right.

Tidwell laughs. He doesn't notice that Jerry is truly stung. * * *

JERRY
Look. I'm happy to entertain you, as always, but I have a question for you. Are we really 'friends'?

TIDWELL
Why not --

JERRY
Well, friends can tell each other anything, right? If we have our 'friends' hats on --

TIDWELL
(wary)
I think so..

JERRY
(intense)
Alright. Here's why you don't have your ten million dollars yet. You are a paycheck player. You play with your head. Not your heart. In your personal life?
(points)
Heart. But when you get on the field --
(finger rises to Tidwell's head)
-- you're a businessman. It's wide-angle lenses and who fucked you over and who owes you for it. That's not what inspires people. I'm sorry, but that's the truth, can you handle it? Just a 'question,' Rod. Between friends.

Tidwell blinks for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (3) 160

JERRY
And when they call you 'shrimp,' *
I'm the one who defends you. *

The word "shrimp" electrifies Tidwell. *

TIDWELL
I don't want to be friends anymore.

JERRY
Fine.

TIDWELL
Beautiful.

JERRY
(angry)
We still having dinner in L.A.?

TIDWELL
(angry)
Only 'cause my wife likes your wife!

Jerry exits. Tidwell is pissed. And hurt.

TIDWELL
'No heart.' 'No heart?'
(yells after him)
I'm all heart, motherfucker!

He gets on the bus.

161 INT. CRAB RESTAURANT - NIGHT 161

The Tidwells and the Maguires. Tyson and Ray run around the table of this family-style restaurant. Nickee is very, very pregnant. They crack crabs for each other, seasoning for each other, feeding each other like one many-armed and loving body.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

NICKEE
-- so I go to see a so-called 'black' film the other day --
(then)
-- honey, no more salt for you, I don't want you dehydrated for Monday Night Football. Most important game of your career.
(then)
-- TWENTY minutes of coming attractions. All black films, all violent, I'm talking about brothers shooting brothers, Wesley Snipes with guns the size of an automobile, blood flowing, cars crashing... blood, blood, blood, blood. Is this all they think we want to see? Come on! I enjoyed Schindler's List. Waiting to Exhale made 59 million at the box office. Doesn't that tell them something? Give me a little credit, I mean, hooo --

TIDWELL
I hate you going to movies alone without me --

NICKEE
Oh, baby --

He cracks more crab, gives her the biggest piece.

SHOT OF JERRY AND DOROTHY

sitting across the table, stunned, just watching this intricate and perfect marriage.

SHOT OF NICKEE

She takes a breath and gets a weird look.

TIDWELL
What, baby?

NICKEE
Baby. Baby. Baby...

A162 OMITTED A162 *

162 INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 162

Jerry and Dorothy exhausted, alone, getting ready for bed. Dorothy sits down near him on the bed.

DOROTHY
What were you thinking tonight? Watching them go through the complete human emotional experience?

JERRY
I was thinking I hope he doesn't get injured. I felt responsible.

DOROTHY
Sometimes I can't tell at all, what's going through that head of yours.

He makes a noise. As in -- it's no big mystery.

DOROTHY
And I <u>really</u> don't know your noises yet.

Beat of silence. *

JERRY
Well, when you wonder, ask me.

DOROTHY
(unsatisfied)
Okay... I will...

Beat. He feels inadequate.

JERRY
Why do you love me?

DOROTHY
Why do you love <u>me</u>?

It is, of course, the better question. And before he can answer, there is a POUNDING at the door.

RAY (O.S.)
Jerry, can I come in and watch T.V.?

DOROTHY
I'll come visit you in a second --

JERRY
Just for a few minutes, buddy --

The door flies open and Ray comes bounding in, onto the bed, stations himself in the center and begins wrestling Jerry for the remote control.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

Dorothy watches, disconnected. A steeliness comes over her that we have not yet seen.

A163 INT. DOROTHY'S KITCHEN - DAY A163 *

Dorothy and Laurel in the kitchen. *

LAUREL
Hang in there, okay? He's not going anywhere. * *

DOROTHY
Yeah... I know... can we talk about something else? * *

LAUREL
(beat, dry)
I don't think so. I'm incapable of small talk. That's why you love me. * * * * *

163 INT. PRESCHOOL - NEXT DAY 163

Dorothy drops Ray at preschool, and stands in the doorway of the playroom. She watches the boys and girls playing together in a room full of bright colors and games. MUSIC. Anxiety building.

A164 EXT. LOS ANGELES BENCH - NIGHT A164 *

Jerry sits on bench, looking. *

164 OMITTED 164

165 EXT. RAY'S PLAYHOUSE - DAY 165 *

Jerry sits finishing a phone call to an advertising account exec. He has come here, to Ray's playhouse for privacy.

JERRY
Tonight. Yeah, the red-eye, I'll be in Arizona on Monday...

Jerry AD LIBS some salesmanship on Tidwell's behalf. Dorothy approaches. She gives him a few phone messages, sits down. Beat of silence. He sees a look on her face that is unfamiliar.

DOROTHY
It's my fault.

JERRY
What --

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

DOROTHY
It's not fair to you. This whole --

JERRY
(instant crisis mode)
Tell me -- let me help --

DOROTHY
I took advantage of you and worst of all, I'm not alone. I did this with a kid. I was just on some ride where I thought I was in love enough for both of us. I pretended * that proposal by the car was real... * It might have been a hypothetical. * I did this. And at least I can do something about it now.

JERRY
(damage control)
Well -- I'm not the guy who's going to run. I stick.

DOROTHY
I don't need you to 'stick.'

JERRY
You want...

DOROTHY
I don't know --

JERRY
(it slips out)
... my soul or something.

DOROTHY
Why fucking not! I deserve it.

JERRY
(direct)
Dorothy -- what if I'm just not built that way?

DOROTHY
I think we made a mistake here.

But now he can't stop.

JERRY
What if it's true? 'Great at friendship, bad at intimacy.' I mean, come on. It's the theme of my bachelor film --

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2) 165

DOROTHY
I know. I watched it. I sort of know it by heart.

JERRY
(absorbs it)
I don't like to give up.

DOROTHY
Oh, please. My need to be the... *
(a beat) *
... the 'can-do' girl, and your *
need to be what, 'responsible'... if one of us doesn't say something now we might lose ten years being polite about it. Why don't we call this next road trip what it is. A nice long break.

JERRY
What about Ray?

She notes the only real glimpse of ache, in that question.

DOROTHY
There's no question you'll be friends. Of course you'll be friends.

JERRY
So this break... is a break-up.

DOROTHY
Come on, Jerry. You know this isn't easy for me. I mean, on the surface, you'd almost think everything was fine. See, I've got this great guy who loves my kid --
(resolute, no tears)
-- and he sure does like me a lot.

Jerry Maguire, a man who speaks for a living, has nothing to say.

DOROTHY
I can't live that way. It's not the way I'm 'built.'

They look at each other. Beat, then: *

166 INT. RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT 166

Jerry kisses sleepy Ray good-bye.

JERRY
Don't wake up...

And then faces the exotic fish who now resides on Ray's table. He once lived in a tank the size of a Cadillac. The fish now hangs in a too-small bowl, looking at him.

JERRY
(defensive)
... it was just a Mission Statement...

167 INT. AIRPORT - DAY 167

Jerry Maguire stretches his arms out. A security wand passes over him. Deadness in his eyes. The glaze of the road on him. MUSIC.

A168 EXT. SUNDEVIL STADIUM/FIELD (ARIZONA) - PRE-GAME WARMUPS - DUSK A168 *

Players from Dallas Cowboys and Arizona Cardinals warm up before Monday Night Football. A flash of FRANK GIFFORD on the sidelines, JERRY JONES, Tidwell wishing EMMITT SMITH a good game. *

168 EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM (ARIZONA) - DUSK 168 *

We are hovering in the sky, just above Sun Devil Stadium. The classic "Monday Night Football" shot from the blimp.

A169 INT. MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL BOOTH - DUSK A169 *

Frank Gifford, AL MICHAELS, DAN DIERDORF discuss the game. *

GIFFORD *
Now, let's try and untangle this -- *

DIERDORF *
If Arizona wins tonight, and next week, and Philadelphia loses this Sunday, you can look for the Cardinals to be a wildcard entry into the playoffs for the first time in 21 years. But if Arizona loses and Green Bay wins... *

169 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 169

Tidwell's family in the living room. A buzz in the air. The pre-game show is on, sound-muted. Old-school on the stereo.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

Everybody is happy. Nickee sits in the position of honor, baby Kaydee in her arms. She is a tired new mother, and the family celebrates her. *

TEE PEE
He'd better not mess up on 'Monday Night Football.'

Nickee shoots Tee Pee a look.

TEE PEE
What did I say? He gets nervous for the T.V. games... it's not a secret.

170 INT. TUNNEL AREA - NIGHT (PRE-GAME) 170

Nervous Tidwell chews a toothpick as he stands checking out the field. Nearby, some cheerleaders and a MAN IN a PICKLE SUIT.

PICKLE MAN
Nothing like 'Monday Night,' huh? What is it, two billion viewers?

TIDWELL
(irritated)
Shouldn't you be out there doing some pickle dance or something --

Pickle Man nods and goes out to dance for the crowd.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Rod -- hey, buddydude --

Tidwell turns. It's Bob Sugar approaching. Laser-like, ready to feed on his insecurity.

SUGAR
Listen, I spoke to your quarterback. He's my client, you know. And I said, 'take care to get those passes down, let Tidwell look good on T.V.'

Tidwell looks at him, chews his toothpick.

SUGAR
You should let me do more for you. I would have had you your deal by tonight. Al Michaels is a friend of mine. I would have had him <u>on the air</u>, talking about <u>you</u>, tonight, when it <u>counts</u>.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: 170

TIDWELL
Get outta here. Go.

SUGAR
Where's your agent tonight?

TIDWELL
Don't know.

SUGAR
Rod. I know this is 'uncool' to do this now, but you belong with the big boys. You belong with the money. You belong with --

Here comes Jerry Maguire.

JERRY
Get the fuck away from my guy, Sugar.

Tidwell can't help it. He beams as he sees his agent approach.

TIDWELL
Jerry! You made it --

SUGAR *
Hey, Jerry, hey, buddy. I was just hailing you. *

JERRY
(prying off Sugar) *
Go. Flee.

Sugar retreats, offering one final look to Rod. *

TIDWELL
Thanks for coming.

JERRY
(bittersweet)
I missed ya. What can I say? You're all I've got. *

171 INT. TIDWELL HOME - NIGHT 171

They watch the game.

GIFFORD (on TV)
It's a bruiser out there tonight.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

MICHAELS (on TV)
Arizona refusing to go into the quiet night of this rough football season. Come on, I'm trying to be poetic here.

Tidwell takes a rough hit on the field.

DIERDORF (on TV)
Ooof. Another rough hit across the middle on Rod Tidwell. Nothing poetic about that.

172 INT. PRESS BOX - NIGHT 172

Maguire moves through the crowded box, Avery and Sugar among the crowd in the background. * *

173 INT. FIELD - NIGHT 173

Tidwell takes a hit. Hangs onto the ball.

174 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 174

The Tidwell clan are banging on TV trays and whooping loudly. But in the middle of the cheers, Nickee sees the unsettled look on young Tyson's face. She pulls him over to her, giving him preference over baby Kaydee. He is the only thing in her world.

NICKEE
What does Daddy say?

TYSON
'It looks worse than it is...'

Nickee gives him a kiss, as Tidwell makes another grueling gain.

GIFFORD (V.O.)
They don't pay enough for a man to take that kind of ugly hit --

NICKEE
(to others)
Boy, no **s-h-i-t**.

Big laughs from the living room. Except Tee Pee.

TEE PEE
He's gonna have nothing left for next season. They're letting him kill himself.

NICKEE
Can you be quiet?

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

TEE PEE
What'd I say?

175 INT. PRESS BOX - NIGHT 175

Maguire watches as Arizona's quarterback John Swenson drops back for a pass, and is sacked. Dallas fans cheer wildly. The game is turning uglier by the minute. Jerry looks up to the monitor for a closer look at the next play. *

176 ON PRESS BOX MONITOR 176

Swenson, the Arizona quarterback, throws a wobbly pass into the end-zone. Tidwell leaps for the catch, tucks the ball in and is promptly and brutally hit by two defenders from two different sides. This hit is bad. Worse than bad. Tidwell flips and comes down like a sack of potatoes, with a THUD, ball still in his hands. His head hits the Astroturf, hard. Tidwell is out cold. And the ripple effect of the injury shoots through the stadium. Jerry stares at the monitor, stunned by the sudden brutality.

177 EXT. ARIZONA FIELD - NIGHT 177

We are thrust into the vortex, inside the game. Tidwell lies still on turf. Overhead, the fight music continues for a few seconds before disappearing abruptly. Players and coaches begin to gather around the still body of Rod Tidwell.

178 TV MONITOR - SLOW MOTION 178

The hit in replay. It is brutal. And we can see a flash of his pride as he catches the lousy pass, and then... like two bulls, the Dallas defenders enter from each side. One cuts his legs out from under him, and Rod's taut body literally flips. The second defender then hits him at the shoulders. Tidwell lands on the back of his neck, crumpling downwards. Still holding the ball. Still. *

179 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 179

Silence. Utter silence.

GIFFORD (V.O.)
-- you sure hope his family wasn't watching that.

And then, in a cry that gurgles from way down deep, Nickee begins to sob. CAMERA CATCHES the face of Tyson, now panicked. Scared, he embraces his mother.

180 INT. BOWELS OF SUN DEVIL STADIUM 180

Maguire sprints through the inner bowels of the stadium. He turns the corner, into the tunnel, talking his way past a guard, heading into the bright TV light of the football field.

181 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 181

Gathering around the TELEVISION, the family waits through a COMMERCIAL for more information on Rod's injury.

TEE PEE
He should have kept his head tucked down.

NICKEE
(immediately)
Shut up!!!

TEE PEE
I'm not putting him down, I just have a commitment to the truth.

Nickee lunges for him.

NICKEE
Can't you be loyal to your brother who LOVES you??
(as she is held back)
Get out of my house!

Across the room, the PHONE starts RINGING. A COUSIN answers.

COUSIN
It's Jerry Maguire!

Nickee runs to the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

182 EXT. ARIZONA FIELD - NIGHT 182

Jerry Maguire is on the portable.

JERRY
He took a shot. He's unconscious.

NICKEE
I'm freakin' out. Oh, God, I'm --

JERRY
Keep the phone open. I'll call back. Stay calm. He's got some good doctors out there.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

NICKEE
'Stay calm'? I'm freakin'...

JERRY
Alright, I'm freaking, too. But they need you to stay calm. I'll call back.

NICKEE
My whole life is this family, Jerry. It doesn't work without him.

She takes a big gulp, as Jerry watches an overzealous Trainer run out onto the field to join the cluster around the fallen Tidwell. Jerry covers phone and yells onto the field.

JERRY
DON'T TOUCH HIM!!!

183 EXT. CENTER OF PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT 183

We're now just a few inches in front of his peaceful, sleeping face. They are all YELLING, trying to pull him out.

SHOTS OF NATIONAL TELEVISION AUDIENCES

184 1) A full Sports Bar in Arizona silently watches Monday Night Football. 184

185 2) Generic living room of sports fans, all watching Tidwell. Pinned to the screen. 185

186 3) Generic outdoor barbecue as fans watch TV. 186 *

187 4) Tidwell living room. All gathered around the television. 187

188 5) Maguire straining at the sideline. 188

A189 6) Monday Night Football booth. The three announcers watch. A189 * *

189 ON TIDWELL - CLOSE 189

Dead to the world as SOUND DISAPPEARS. There is now only silence.

POV TIDWELL - SLOW MOTION - SILENCE

The Doctors and the Trainers are now truly panicked. We don't hear them. We see them, their motions increasingly manic.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

Shoving fingers in front of him. Screaming. We read their lips. ("Rod!" "Rod, can you hear us!") We see the anguish and escalating fear on their faces. The Trainer leans in close, bellowing, he spreads his hands wide to clap right in front of Rod's still face. His hands head toward each other... closer... bringing with them the first inkling of sound... getting closer and then finally coming together, bringing with him the SOUNDS of the STADIUM.

ON TIDWELL

Who blinks back to life. Concerned men are yelling very loudly, right in his face. Tidwell becomes aware he is the absolute center of attention of the entire stadium. As CROWD NOISE BEGINS TO RISE.

TRAINER
LET'S GET YOU OFF THE FIELD!

TIDWELL
Wait.

TRAINER
CAN YOU FEEL YOUR LEGS?

TIDWELL
Yeah. Just let me enjoy this for a minute.

ON JERRY

who watches. Only marginally relieved. Is he okay?

ON FANS

Crowd noise rises. Is he okay?

ON TIDWELL

Can he move? Is he okay?

190 ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM 190

Not a breath is taken. Is he okay?

191 ON TIDWELL 191

He rises. Stadium explodes. At first on wobbly feet, he raises the football and -- for the first time -- salutes the crowd. CROWD NOISE DOUBLES.

ON MAGUIRE

gasping for breath.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

ON TIDWELL

Has never felt like this before in his life. It is the pure and absolute love of the spotlight. And his fans. And then... it's real and he feels it. Tidwell breaks out in a small but unmistakable move -- a flutter step. He does a high-stepping move, all his own, for about ten yards.

ON JERRY MAGUIRE

who watches, now in complete disbelief. Tidwell will not let go of the spotlight.

192 ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM 192

Going absolutely nuts. Nickee hysterical, laughing and crying.

NICKEE
(to Tee Pee)
You ain't talking now, are you???
You're a <u>silent motherfucker</u>!

Tyson watches in silent awe of his mother.

193 BACK ON TIDWELL - CLOSE 193

Finishes his small but heartfelt dance. It is a personal catharsis he is sharing now with two billion people.

TIDWELL
(to himself)
<u>Nike</u>.

He moves past Jerry Maguire on his way off the field. He looks at Jerry, casually thumps his heart twice.

Jerry Maguire is overcome with emotion. He sits down on a camera case, head in his hands. Behind him, a stadium cheers a new hero.

OVERHEARD FAN
I always knew he was great.

Maguire rubs his face. Overcome. Photographers and others rush past to be closer to Tidwell, who now <u>leaps</u> into the crowd. *

194 INT. TUNNEL - LATER 194

Jerry Maguire surrounded by well-wishers and backslappers. Success has returned, in all of its superficial glory. Try as he might, he can't manufacture the joy of the moment. There is a void. *

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

Over the heads of the heatseekers we see Dennis Wilburn nodding, holding a thumbs up. He tries to get Maguire, but cannot. And then a commotion behind them all.

REPORTER
It's Tidwell!

Tidwell exits the locker room. Press and media surround him. Patricia Logan gives him a look of respect. Even the grizzled old-time stadium workers reach in to squeeze him, to slap him, to touch him. He works his way to Maguire. They hug. Cameras flash. Tears roll down from beneath his purple shades.

TIDWELL
We did it.

And now, in the middle of this emotional union, a PORTABLE PHONE RINGS. Both men reach for their porties. It's Maguire's. With anticipation, he answers.

JERRY
Hello.

Hold on his face for a moment, the disappointment is clear.

JERRY
It's Nickee. She says she couldn't get through on your phone.

Tidwell grabs the phone, and joyously shares the moment with his wife. Jerry watches, as Tidwell leans on his shoulder.

ON SUGAR AND SWENSON (WATCHING THEM)

Bob Sugar watches from the nearby wall where he stands with his client, quarterback John Swenson.

SWENSON
Why don't we have that kind of relationship?

A195 CHEESY GRAPHIC OF MAN AND WOMAN A195

Karoake words spill across the graphic. "And you give ... And you give..."

195 INT. ARIZONA KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT 195

Rod Tidwell sings karaoke, on stage. He's struggling through U2's "With or Without You." In the audience are many Arizona players, coaches and staff, as well as most of Tidwell's family. *

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

Shots find Maguire, apart, watching from the bar, his cellular nearby. It's a bittersweet victory.

TIDWELL
'... With or withouuuuut you...'

Through the crowd comes Avery Bishop, who takes a seat next to Maguire. They sit for a few moments, two salesmen on the roadl. Straight-ahead, with no sarcasm:

AVERY
I felt good for you tonight.

He nods, turns to her. Smiles a little. It's a different look than Avery is used to seeing on his face.

AVERY
What happened to you? How's the marriage?

He looks at her. In the b.g., Tidwell is straining for a high note.

JERRY
She doesn't accept who I am. I'm telling you, it's... it...

Avery looks at him, a trace of hopefulness in her face. Jerry shakes his head. Rubs his face a little. And then, an odd look takes over. He stares at Tidwell for a moment, then back at Avery.

JERRY
... it sort of eats at your insides. Turns you inside out. It's just a terrible, terrible thing...

He smiles a little. Somehow, he feels different. And in a look, Avery knows she's lost him. Not unlike the string of ex-girlfriends we've seen in his bachelor tribute film... She blows him a kiss. SHOT MOVES to his chair, which is now empty. * *

196 OMITTED 196
& &
197 197

198 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 198

Jerry Maguire sprints through the empty airport, heading for the last flight out of town. MUSIC.

199 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 199

The Divorced Women's Group in session.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED: 199

Laurel stands near the doorway. Camera finds Dorothy, picking up items in the living room, cleaning up a . . . . ** little. She decides to speak her mind. *

DOROTHY
I've listened to you all tell a thousand sob stories, and I have been very judgmental. Frankly, I think you've all been waaaay too comfortable with your pain. Plus, Jan, you always spill your red wine on the couch.
(off Jan's guilty look)
I've not been fair to you. Women need to stick together, and not depend on the affections of a man to 'fix' their lives. Maybe you're all correct. Men are the enemy.

Murmurs of agreement, some dissent. *

DOROTHY
But I still love the enemy.

Murmurs of full disappointment. *

200 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 200

Jerry exits cab, holding hang-up bag. Looks at the house. On the other side of the window is a world he hopes he's still a part of.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 201

Jerry enters. Dorothy is seated toward the back.

JERRY
Hello. I'm looking for my wife.

Dorothy looks up, robbed of words. Stunned, she does not move.

JERRY
If this is where it has to happen, *
then this is where it has to happen.
(off her silence) *
I'm not letting you get rid of me.
How about that?

He shares a look with some of the other women. She's not going to say a word. Neither do they.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: 201

JERRY
This used to be my specialty. I was good in a living room. Send me in there, I'll do it alone. And now I just... I don't know... but tonight, our little project, our 'company' had a very big night. And it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice, or laugh about it with you. I missed my wife. We live in a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors, so try not to laugh --
(directly)
I love you. You complete me.

DOROTHY
Aw, shut up. You had me at hello.

He moves to her. They embrace. Ray watches in b.g. Jerry has given this room hope. It's on their faces. At last, even Laurel signs off on her sister's happiness. She shares a look with Chad, who knows he has lost the secret love of his life. The warm and silent moment washes over all of them. And then:

WOMAN #1
This is one of the better talk-groups I've been to.

JAN
(sloshing wine)
I think we'd better go...

202 INT. ROY FIRESTONE SHOW - NIGHT 202

FIRESTONE
... your father who left the family on Christmas Eve, the mother who cleaned the steps of a prison to make your tuition. The older brother who lost a leg in that tragic bass fishing accident --

Tidwell is wearing glasses now, in a somewhat scholarly mode.

TIDWELL
No, Roy. I'm not gonna cry.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

Smiling, Firestone looks down at the card in his hand.

FIRESTONE
-- Well, Rod, your agent passed me a note before the show. He says that your deal memo has been signed by the Arizona Cardinals. Four years for ten-point-two million dollars. Playing in the state where you grew up.

ON TIDWELL - WEEPING

TIDWELL
I... I love everybody, man. I love my wife. My kids. Little Tyson. My new baby Kaydee. My brother Tee Pee. I love my friends, my teammates, who am I leaving out?

FIRESTONE
(laughing)
It's only a half-hour show, Rod.

ON TIDWELL'S FRIENDS AND FAMILY

Nickee crying, too. SHOT takes us TO Jerry, Dorothy and * Ray.

TIDWELL
Wanna send some beautiful love out to my offensive line, just a beautiful bunch of dudes, wanna thank a beautiful individual -- God, and of course the entire Arizona organization, a little slow, but they do come around. I'm leaving somebody out...

Amused and finally glimpsing the end of a long journey, Jerry leans over to Nickee.

JERRY
Take care, Nickee. We'll see you at the restaurant.

She nods, emotionally, biting her lip.

TIDWELL
Oh, yes! Jerry Maguire! My agent! This is a fierce, loving individual, I love this man, he <u>is</u> love, he is <u>about</u> love -- my ambassador of kwan.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2) 202

FIRESTONE
Ten seconds, Rod.

TIDWELL
And I love my fans, of which he is one. Wanna thank them for all my Sundays, and of course my Monday nights, too. That about says it...

Jerry watches wondrously at the monitor before leaving. TV credits are rolling on the show.

TIDWELL
Wait! And thank you, Melvin from the Casual Man, thank you for the suit...

203 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 203

Jerry, Dorothy, Ray exit into the daylight. They walk to Jerry's car. From across the fence, a stray baseball from a pickup game flies into the parking lot and bounces ahead of them. Ray picks it up. In an easy fluid motion, he whips it back over the fence to the game on the other side. A few kids on the other side of the fence shout their approval of a <u>great</u> little throw.

Jerry and Dorothy stop, looking at Ray, who has just shown shocking natural ability. They are quiet for a moment, then turning slowly to look at each other. And, then, not ready to deal with it, not even close to ready to deal with it, they say quickly to the boy:

JERRY
Come on, Ray.

DOROTHY
Ray, let's go.

Happily, Ray joins them as they walk to the car. A family. MUSIC.

FADE OUT.

<u>THE END</u>

204 OMITTED 204

205 TIDWELL COMMERCIAL REEL - WITH END CREDITS 205

FADE IN:

Rod in a beautifully composed head-shot. Talking to us. Already we know this -- he is not the world's best actor. But he is so at home, so happy at the sheer prospect of making this commercial, that he shines.

TIDWELL
There are several things I will not do.

206 INT. CONCERT STAGE - NIGHT 206

Rod Tidwell stands in a glittery suit, singing a Luther Vandross-style ballad. In the audience, several people wince.

207 EXT. ICE RINK - DAY 207

Tidwell on skates, skating. The ice breaks.

208 INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 208

Tidwell in big sweater, hawking an Icesickle. It's melting.

ON TIDWELL

shaking his head.

TIDWELL
No.

ON TIDWELL

profile.

TIDWELL
There are things I <u>should</u> not do.

209 INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY 209

Tidwell has given himself pink Rodman-style hair. He digs himself. The barber knows better. Holds up a mirror.

210 INT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - NIGHT 210

Tidwell buys sanitary napkins at the counter of a 7-11. Two other guys in line exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: 210

CLOSE SHOT OF TIDWELL

shaking his head.

TIDWELL
No.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TIDWELL
But there is one thing I know how to do --

211 SERIES OF SHOTS 211

All the SHOTS of Tidwell we've seen, making his brutal catches, passing through bone-crushing blocks.

212 ON A SHOT OF EVER-READY BATTERY 212

and it turns out to be a wall, which Tidwell comes crashing through.

TIDWELL
Survive.

A moment after his defiant look, he cracks up and it's a perfect flub.

SHOT OF HIM LAUGHING

Posing for a picture with the crew. On the very outskirts, Jerry Maguire. For Rod Tidwell, it's like a graduation shot. And it ends his first commercial.

213 COMMERCIAL #2 213

ON BLACK.

FADE IN the sound of APPLAUSE.

These words appear: Rod Tidwell

Then these words appear: We ignored him for years.

Then these words appear: We were wrong.

Then these words appear: We're sorry.

Then these words appear: Reebok. *